JOHN BULL, JANUARY 12, 1924. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXIX. No. 916. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1924. TWOPENCE.

Mohmoud's Egyptian "Blend" Cigarettes

have the subtlety & charm of imported Eastern Cigarettes. Delightfully light smoking and aromatic.

10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

Of all Tobacconists

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

THE TRIUMPH OF JOHN BULL

A TONIC for The GLOOMY

by A. G. GARDINER

Curzon's Big "Cut" in Made to Measure Suits

~~£3·3·0~~ £2 ~~£4·10·0~~ £3 ~~£5·15·0~~ £4

THE once-a-year January Curzon Sale gives the biggest bargain opportunity for a Made-to-Measure Suit.

For a £3 : 3 : 0 Suit you pay only £2.
For a £4 : 10 : 0 Suit you pay only £3.
For a £5 : 15 : 0 Suit you pay only £4.

No extras of any kind for large sizes, for extra pockets, etc., etc.
Write at once for the free patterns, or call at any Curzon Shop. Fit, style, and make absolutely guaranteed by our self-measure mail order system.

USE THIS COUPON J.B. 12.1.24.

Fill in this Coupon, or write a letter or postcard mentioning JOHN BULL.

To CURZON BROS., Ltd. ..... *The Great London Measure Tailors,*

36 and 37, New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

Please send me free of all charge and without obligation, your Sale Patterns of Suitings with self-measure form and fashion book, and if I place an order I do so on your guarantee (backed by JOHN BULL) to refund my money in full if I am not more than satisfied.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CURZON BROS., LTD.

36 & 37, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

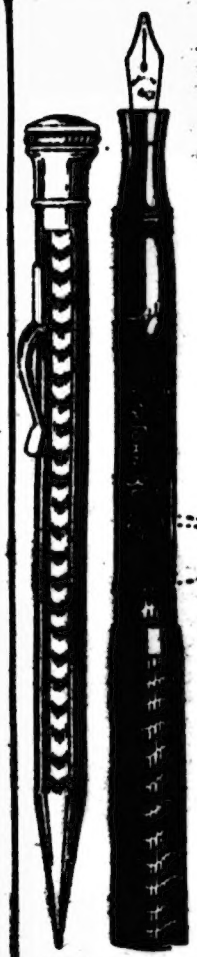
And 111 & 158, Strand; 112, New Oxford Street; 70 & 72, City Road; and Deptford, Woolwich, Forest Gate, Poplar, Finchley, Kingston, Grays, Richmond, Sutton, Southend, Westcliff, Hove, Wimbledon, and Gravesend.

All the World knows It's "Curzon's" for Clothes

Suits made in the above style, and 12 other styles which you can select from our fashion book.

Grand Distribution of JOHN BULL'S Golden Gift Sets

Your last chance!



"John Bull's" Golden Gift offer which has delighted tens of thousan's closes Saturday, Jan. 19. Unless your application is received by first post on that day the opportunity will have vanished. Think what the Golden Set means! A 5/- Masterpiece Pen; 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped; 2 years written guarantee; a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil **FREE** and the handsomest Box in the world. Don't be too late. Fill in the Coupon now!

Illustrations much reduced.

The handsomest box that ever contained a pen.

Presentation Gift Coupon.

"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT.,
LONG ACRE, W.C.2.

Send me the Golden Gift Set(s) described below: No. 1, containing 5/- Masterpiece Pen and 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE.
No. 2, containing 5/- Masterpiece Pen (lady's size) and 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE.
(Cross out set not desired.)
I enclose cheque/p.o. for 5/3 which includes 3d. for postage and insurance.

State if broad, medium or fine nib. Cross out grades not required. Postage: Two Sets 4d., three sets 6d.: postage and registration abroad 6d. each set. Gilt 3d. extra.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Date.....

Cross cheques P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." J.B. 12.1.24

Reader's tragic death

A false step on the stairs!

JOHN BULL pays £250

ONE false step! One moment in the course of life—the next a senseless heap at the bottom of the stairs, dead! Thus did death suddenly visit Mrs. Elizabeth McCormick, 15, Davenport Street, Congleton, Cheshire. As Mrs. McCormick had the foresight to register JOHN BULL has forwarded a cheque for £250 to the next of kin.

Accidents, Fire, Flood, Storm, Sickness—you run the risk of these every day. Calamities come when least expected. Fill up the forms below now before you regret not having done so.

Present Registered Readers are fully qualified for all the 1924 Benefits. They should NOT RE-REGISTER unless they have changed their address or their Newsagent.

FIRE
Up to £400.

CAERLEON, MON.—GRAHAM EDWARDS, 17, Mill Street.
BARNSBURY, N.—Mrs. S. DAVIS, 8, Sounder Street.
LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTER.—J. PEACOCK, 128 Station Street.
SEAHAM HARBOUR, CO. DURHAM.—J. BENNY, 31, Molesley Street, Dawdon Colliery.
BARROWFD, CLAM.—Mrs. J. BUNN, 28, Ward Street.
GOVAN, GLASGOW.—J. M. SUTHERLAND, 6, Stanley Place, Cudross.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. BATTY, 115, Carlisle Street, E.
DUNOON, ARGYLLSHIRE.—W. A. PROCTER, Roberts Terrace, West Bay.
BARNSTAPLE.—W. RICHARDS, "Honeywell," Bremam.
BODMIN.—Mrs. S. R. PARKIN, 35, Dennis Street.
RAVENIF, Nr. BRIDGWATER.—Mrs. A. MARCH.
BELFAST.—Mrs. S. MURRAY, 10, Grace Street.
TREDEGAR, MON.—L. W. TREVORROW, 5, West View.
MEIKEN, MOUNTAIN ASH.—W. H. G. THOMAS, 54, Albert Street.
NEW NORTH ROAD, N.1.—Mrs. E. LAWRENCE, 64, Hanbert Street.
DUNSTON-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. M. TRYNER, 27, West View Terrace.
SUNDERLAND.—C. W. WOODIFIELD, 19, Paxton Terrace.
STAFFORD.—Mrs. F. R. JARVIS, 27, Gaunt-gate Street.
RHONDDA VALLEY, GLAM.—J. JENKINS, 157, Dumfries Street, Treherbert.
BOATH, CARDIFF.—E. GUEST, 9, Moy Road.
ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.—Mrs. L. CRADDOCK, 9, Garden Place, Temperance Street.
DEVONPORT, DEVON.—Mrs. HILL, 39, Stanley Street.
CORLESTONE-ON-SEA.—Mrs. H. HARRIS, 21, Brush Quay.
RHOSTYLLEN, Nr. WREXHAM, N. WALES.—V. REGAN, 55, West Grove.
SLOUGH, BUCKS.—W. P. WELCH, 25, Timberham, Slough Trading Estate.
BRADFORD, YORKS.—J. W. OSBORNE, Heaton Woods.
LARGO, FIFESHIRE.—W. CRAIGIE, Dunlands.
COVENTRY.—Mrs. W. TOMPSETT, 42, Cromwell Street, Foleshill.
BLACKWOOD, MON.—Mrs. H. A. WOOLF, 16, Lewis Street.
LANDPORT.—Mrs. CHESTERTON, 39, Basford Street.
PRESTON, LANCS.—F. WEBSTER, 31, Croft Street.
KEIGHLEY.—Mrs. E. MOFFATT, 38, Victoria Avenue.
BRIDGEND.—O. MORGAN, 1, Bulford Road, Gate Cribbwy.
SEAFORD, SUSSEX.—W. BROOKER, 32, Bevois Avenue.
MIDDLETON, Nr. MANCHESTER.—G. GRAVES, 28, Taylor Street.

STORM
Up to £300

FLEETWOOD, LANCS.—G. CULLEN, 198, Poulton Road.
FERNDALE, GLAM.—L. JENKINS, 5, Church Street.
BANGOR.—J. R. DAVIES, 33, Orme Road.
BARROW.—J. BARNES, 127, Rowland Street, Hindpool.
BENDIGO, N. WALES.—R. CAMPBELL, 1, Willow Street, Llanberis.
GRANGEMOUTH.—Mrs. E. BRUCE, 38, Middle Street.
SHEFFIELD.—A. LEWTON, 29, Cross Myrtle Road, Pitsmoor.
TOTTINGTON, LANCS.—Mrs. H. WARRINGTON, 7, Albert Street.
DUNDEE, N.B.—J. PARKER, 44, Hilltown.

Sickness Benefits
£5 5-0

—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Scarlet Fever and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

MANCHESTER, Nr. WREXHAM.—J. E. LLOYD, 4, Smithy Terrace.
ARDWICK-LEATHERET, Nr. DONCASTER.—Mrs. KNOWLES, 11, Vine Road.
DALSTON, E.8.—Mrs. E. L. RAINER, 8, Shrubland Road.
BURY, LANCS.—S. BOOTH, 204, Walmsley Road, Tottington.
CINDERFORD, GLOS.—A. O. HIGGS, 1, Williams Buildings, Parkside Road.
BEXLEY, WORCESTER.—H. H. CHANDLER, 31, Bromsgrove Road, Toll Bar.
WEST HARTLEPOOL, CO. DURHAM.—J. LAMB, 68, Brougham Street.
LLANELLY, GLAMORGAN.—E. B. THOMAS, Bankers Public Station, Church Road.
BISHOPSGATE ROAD, W.3.—Mrs. S. CHOUTT, 2, Commercial Square, Mews.
BARROWDEN PARK ROAD, S.W.19.—Mrs. F. FORBES, 61, Victoria Dwellings.

Accident Benefits
£3 per week

RHONDDA.—Mrs. M. RICHARDS, 31, Station Road, Penygraig.
BOTHERHAM.—Mrs. K. PELL, 32, York Road, Masbro'.
BOURNEMOUTH.—Mrs. L. BRANNON, 37, Hinton's Gardens.
MANCHESTER.—Wm. LEVER, 1, Rhondda Street, Hulme.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. M. HARRIS, 1, Hamilton Street, Hamilton Square.
BOURNEMOUTH.—Mrs. A. GOODWIN, 289, Portland Road, Boscombe.
HANGER.—Mrs. E. M. KNAPMAN, 17, Uphill Lodge, Uphill Road.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. A. MARTIN, 441, Gallowgate.
HUDDERSFIELD.—Mrs. J. E. MARSHALL, 78, Wakefield Road, Lockwood.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. E. PARKS, 19, Annet Street, Hillhead.
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. M. DEVLIN, 29, High Street.
KINGSTON.—Mrs. M. A. GRAHAM, 33, Shaw Street.
SHARROW, SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. A. SEAL, The Grange, Park Wood.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. E. CHALLENOR, 96, Pallister.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS: Bonuses in respect of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

8,783 Benefits Paid during 1923

CUT HERE

J.B. 12.1.24

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL"
To "JOHN BULL" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Cut 3d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of Newsagent instructed (envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B. 12.1.24.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

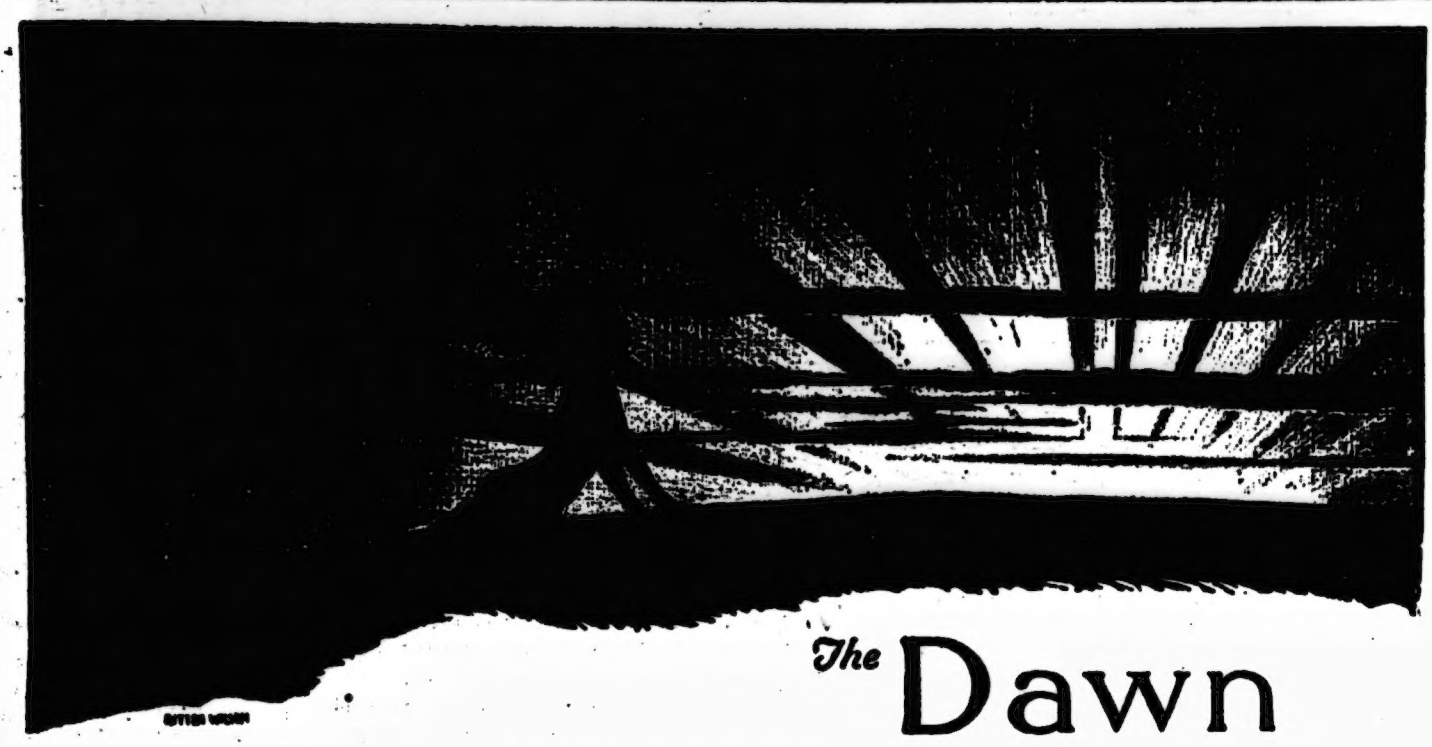
.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date.....



The Dawn

"When we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally without risk of injury to cell-tissue, we shall have conquered infectious disease."—LORD LISTER.

As the rising sun dispels darkness and brings new hopes to mankind, so will knowledge of the laws of Nature make an end of disease and premature death.

IT is now well over seven years since I offered my antiseptic 'Yadil,' based upon the active principle of garlic — Nature's antidote to internal bacterial infection, the immediate cause of most diseases. These seven years of medical experience prove conclusively that 'Yadil' fulfils every condition of the ideal antiseptic sought for by Lord Lister. It is absolutely safe to swallow, or to apply to an infected wound, for it cannot injure the most delicate cell-tissue, and it is effective in the whole range of bacterial diseases. It possesses over ordinary garlic preparations the precious advantage of never tainting the breath or the body. With 'Yadil,' complete and safe disinfection of the human system is an accomplished fact.

THIS bacterial infection, of which our diseases are but the symptoms, would seldom develop, if we lived according to the laws of Nature. Unfortunately for all of us, these laws are *never taught in our schools*. Thanks to our being kept in utter darkness on this vital subject, we need thirty thousand doctors, fifteen thousand dentists, three thousand hospitals, sanatoriums and infirmaries to look after the millions of people who suffer from a thousand and one disorders.

KNOWLEDGE would end this immense suffering, just as the rising sun dispels the shadows of the night. To the dark ages of disease would succeed the bright era of perfect health and long life. Disease and premature death would be the exception, not the rule as at present.

NATURALLY, I wish to see my antiseptic used in every home, for I know that its timely use in every disorder without exception—consumption, pneumonia, congestion of the lungs, bronchitis, pleurisy, influenza, coughs and colds, diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever, whooping-cough, enteritis, dysentery, puerperal infection, septic wounds and sores, malaria, cholera, typhus, colitis, appendicitis, etc.—would save well over one hundred thousand lives a year in the British Isles, and millions more throughout the world. The medical evidence published in THE YADIL BOOK, the like of which has never been known in the history of medicine, makes this assertion safe and possible.

BUT I aim at something even greater—To make an end of disease, which is due entirely to ignorance of fundamental principles of physiology.

THIS is why I have included in THE YADIL BOOK three chapters written in simple language, free from technical terms, which should be read in every home and all schools—What is Disease?—Causes of Disease—Doctors and Disease. If you value your own health and the health of those who are dear to you, secure a copy of this book without delay and read it carefully. I send it to any home or foreign address, post free, on receipt of two shillings and sixpence, or you may get it from your chemist.

Alex Clement

THE YADIL BOOK, third edition, 288 pages, cloth bound. The most practical family medical book ever published. Gives treatments for over 200 disorders, all based on medical experience. Defines disease, its causes, and how to avoid it. Over 500 medical reports show the value of 'Yadil' in every known disorder of bacterial origin. Sent, post free, anywhere, on receipt of 2s. 6d.—or you may buy it from your chemist.

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC

Prepared by

Clement & Johnson Limited, Research Medical Chemists, 19, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1.

Liquid	2 oz. 2/9	6 oz. 4/9	Pint 12/-	Quart 22/6
Pills	50 2/9	150 4/9	500 12/-	1,000 22/6
Ointment	1 oz. 1/9	4 oz. 5/-	**Pastilles** (for the Voice) - per tin 1/-	
Lubricant (for Chapped Hands) (Collapsible Tubes.)		2 oz. 1/6	**Powder** (for the Toilet) - per tin 1/6 (In artistic sprinkler tins)	

Of all Chemists, including all branches of Boots; Lewis & Burrows, Ltd.; Parkes Drug Stores, Ltd.; Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.; Timothy White & Co., Ltd.; Hodder & Co.; Needham's & Squire's; Cockburn & Co., Ltd.; and other stores; or sent direct, post free, on receipt of remittance. For abroad, add 3s. for extra postage and packing.

Pronounce it YAH-DIL. W.B.P.

The word 'YADIL' is registered.

The Mail Order Market

A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE FOR BARGAIN-HUNTERS

GOOD LUCK

COMES TO YOU

from the moment you possess the Ju-Ju Nigerian Mascot—the wonderful luck bringer. Luck is something real which can't be explained. Thousands have turned Fortune's frown to a winning smile with Ju-Ju's magic, and delightfully write like this:

I have tried for ten years for prizes and I won a substantial prize last week.—B.

Since receiving mascot my luck has been phenomenal.—E. W., London.

Don't scoff! Have faith in the Ju-Ju and everything you touch will prosper. Make Ju-Ju your mascot and misfortune will pass you by—good luck will attend you all the time

Sterling Silver, 5s. } post
9ct. Gold ... £1 } free

Don't wish for Luck, as many do. GET it—wear the charm Ju-Ju.

JU-JU SOCIETY,
4, Imperial Bldgs., Westgate Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne

Money refunded if not approved.

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST BARGAIN IN LADIES' SILK STOCKINGS!

(WOOL LINED.) DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURERS.

These artificial SILK STOCKINGS are value unobtainable anywhere at our prices, and we hold hundreds of testimonials.

Fully shaped, Pure Wool Heels, Toes and Tops in Black, Nigger, Coating and Grey. Sizes, 9 & 9½.

ONE PAIR 3/11 THREE PAIRS 11/6

SOLD UNDER J.B. GUARANTEE—Full Satisfaction or Your Money Back.

HOLROYD'S, 27, P.B.81, Dale Street, Liverpool.

SURPRISE PARCEL

AN EASY BARGAIN

Containing: 10 nearly new Double-sided 10/- Records used a few times for demonstration purposes only. One good quality leatherette record album. One record cleaning pad. One box "Gem" needles, cannot of "Gliscolline" for preserving records and 200 steel needles, medium tone. Post free.

ONLY A FEW PARCELS FOR DISPOSAL.

THE CABINET GRAMOPHONE CO.
(Dept. J.B.3), 219, Great College St., Camden Town, N.W. North 1125

8D. stops Grey Hair!

Send 9d. for a bottle of Royal Court Tintona, stating colour of hair. This unique preparation restores hair to its full lustre and natural colour and does not wash out. Perfectly natural in appearance. Guaranteed harmless. Send for the large trial bottle to-day.

ROYAL COURT TINTONA

Is sold by Chemists and Stores, 1/6, 2/6 & 6/-, or supplied direct in plain wrapper.

Royal Court Perfumery Co., 122, Chapel Court, London, S.E.1.

14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

The greatest wash-day boon ever invented. The new and improved 'SWIFTSURE' Patent BALL-VALVE VACUUM Washer is a triumph of BRITISH inventive genius.

A TUB OF CLOTHES WASHED IN 4 MINUTES
NO BOILING
NO RUBBING
NO SCRUBBING
100,000 Satisfied Purchasers
Made of Solid Copper
Carr. 19/6 paid.

SEND NO MONEY

Just send a postcard to-day and the "SWIFTSURE" will be sent CARRIAGE PAID for your 14 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

Send for our Bargain List of Labour Saving Appliances.

BRITISH VACUUM WASHER CO. (Dept. 19) Liverpool.

10,000 AILING PEOPLE WANTED

Month's Treatment sent —no fee unless benefited

The vitalising powers of our natural medicine are so astonishing that you would hardly believe them, even if we published all the 24,000 testimonials that we have received. Therefore we do not ask you to believe, or to pay one penny piece until you have proved what it can do for you. We will send you a whole month's treatment—over 100 doses—on your simple promise to try whether Vita-Ore will do for you what it has done and is doing for other sufferers in your town and every other part of the Kingdom. If you say you are no better, it has cost you nothing. It cannot possibly do you any harm. There is not an atom of poison or harmful element in it, and it is quite pleasant to take; you drink it instead of water. All our tens of thousands of customers first tried Vita-Ore at our risk. We want 10,000 more ailing persons to do the same. Many people who suffered from serious chronic ailments, like Neuritis, Sciatica, St. Vitus' Dance, and affections of the kidneys and bladder, which nothing seemed to touch, have told us that Vita-Ore worked like magic. The most desperate cases have been cured. Your case may seem equally hopeless, and yet without a farthing of risk you can at least try what Vita-Ore can do. Perhaps your ailment is of a less serious nature. You may be merely run-down, a little anæmic, a sufferer from dyspepsia or inability to digest and derive benefit from your food; you may be nervous or neuralgic, or may suffer from those distressing backaches and pains in the side, if a woman. Never a day passes without some sufferer just like yourself writing to us, delighted with the effects of Vita-Ore, and proving that he or she is benefited, by sending the money. That is all we ask—that if you feel better you shall pay the very small price of 4s. 6d. for the whole month's strengthening, vitalising, curative treatment.

APPROVED BY DOCTORS.

Vita-Ore is not a patent medicine or quack remedy; it contains no drugs. The Government analysts exempted it from patent medicine stamp duty. The *Lancet*, the most cautious and authoritative medical paper in existence, said of it: "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory." The *Medical Magazine* (another doctors' paper) said: "We have no hesitation in recommending Vita-Ore."

Vita-Ore is a natural remedy, which cures by increasing the natural vitality of the system. Not only your aches and pains, or the chronic ailment that you supposed was incurable, your indigestion, your nervous debility, the early effects of advancing years are done away with, but you are better all over, too. Your mind works better. Your muscles are strengthened. Your vital powers are renewed. You feel younger, more vigorous. You are better looking—your skin and eyes are clearer. It is Nature working in you. Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vita-Ore.

WHAT VITAE-ORE HAS CURED.

The vitalising and rejuvenating effects of Vita-Ore are proved by the great variety of ailments which it has cured. They include such things as:—

Anæmia	Rheumatism and
Neuralgia	Neurasthenia
Headaches	Enfeebled Nerves
Sciatica	Kidney and Bladder
Lumbago	Weakness
St. Vitus' Dance	Chronic Catarrh
Dyspepsia	Sluggish Liver and
Chronic Indigestion	All run-down conditions due to the
Eruptions of the Skin	Stomach, Kidneys,
Backache in Women	Nerves and Liver
Neuritis	

Vita-Ore is also a most effective tonic: it quickly improves the appetite and digestion, and increases the vital forces.

HOW TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS FREE OFFER.

You can try the effect of Vita-Ore for a month, without sending any money. Simply fill up the coupon at foot and post to us and we send you enough to furnish 3 doses a day for a whole month. If you feel the benefit, you undertake to send 4s. 6d. only. If not you have only to write and say so and we cancel the bill.

THEO. NOEL CO. LTD (Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4.

DO NOT MISS THIS.

The benefits which thousands have derived from Vita-Ore are so great that you owe it to yourself to take advantage of this very liberal offer. The price that you pay, if benefited, is so very small that you would surely not grudge it: 4s. 6d. is little enough for renewed vitality, better spirits, marked increase in bodily and mental vigour, and the delightful sense of well-being that comes from the full vitality that Vita-Ore practically always gives. If you think for a moment you can see that it must succeed, for if nearly every one did not feel visibly benefited we should not receive enough remittances to pay the cost of doing business. Vita-Ore must have more vitalising power than anything else, for no other medicine is offered you on these terms.

NO BENEFIT—NO PAY.

Therefore, for your own sake, do not delay. You may forget. Cut out the coupon at once and send to us without any money.

CUT THE COUPON OUT NOW, BEFORE YOU FORGET.

Send this Without Money for 4/6 Packet lasting a Month.

To the THEO. NOEL CO., LTD. (Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4.

Dear Sirs

Please send me a month's supply of Vita-Ore with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report results in 30 days.

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. (four shillings and sixpence) in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case You are to charge me nothing.

NAME .....

Address .....

.....

[Adv't.]

Something New Coming

IN our 9th advertisement competition the 1st prize of £5 is awarded to Mr. T. Mackenzie, 15, Drumdryan Street, Edinburgh, for:

"Bolsom Bros. Advertisement, because it is well illustrated. Prices are plainly stated, all offering good value. It is practically a shop window on paper."

The 2nd prize of £1 goes to Mrs. L. Tucketh, 25, Cathcart Street, Birkenhead, for:

"(Colman's Mustard): The fashionable slim outline catches the woman's eye. The advertiser gains his point as the housewife does the shopping."

To 50 other competitors consolation prizes have been forwarded.

IN our 10th advertisement competition the 1st prize of £5 goes to Mr. F. W. Thomas, Chester Road, Eccleston, Chester, for:

"Metropolitan College advertisement arrests by a subtle slip and compels one to follow. It fulfils the two cardinal principles of advertising—exclamation and explanation."

The 2nd prize of £1 goes to Mr. J. Leonard, 26a, Chetwynd Road, Southsea, for:

"The Metropolitan College headline acts as an automatic brake on rapidly moving eyes, and clearly illustrates the importance of catching immediate attention."

This week we announce the last competition in this series. Send postcards only, addressed "Advertisement," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, to arrive not later than first post, January 16.

Next week another interesting competition will be announced in this space. Make sure of your copy of JOHN BULL next week.

Waiting for a Whisper

CHARLES ADOLPH, Taylforth and Tunbridge, whose literature describes them as Electrical Instrument Makers, with works at 12, Leverington Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C., appear to have devoted a good deal of attention to the requirements of wireless enthusiasts.

In a technical publication they announced their readiness to confer considerable boons on listeners-in, among the apparatus they advertised being "The Whisperphone," a super-sensitive microphonic appliance, and "The Acoustica," an inexpensive loud speaker.

A reader sent an order accompanied by a remittance to the firm last June. His order was acknowledged, but the goods have not yet arrived.

We ourselves have repeatedly written to the firm asking for an explanation, but we have not been able to obtain a reply.

If the advertisement had appeared in JOHN BULL, we should have refunded the money in accordance with the terms of our Guarantee. As it is, we can only condole with our reader over his loss, and warn others against dealings with the concern.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Welfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A 20/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 81, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 8, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 98, High Street, Manchester.

DRAPERS AND MARKET MEN.—Cheap lines in great variety for January Sales. List from Chew and Co., Regent St. Warehouse, Manchester. (Strictly wholesale.)

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH

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Open to every man. How to enter. Trained Salesmen—men who have the knack of selling—are unquestionably better paid than most others, £1,000 a year, and even more, is easily earned by thousands of salesmen. Their life is congenial and unbounded with opportunities. You, like them, can be equally successful merely by taking up spare-time study at home. It's the most fascinating thing in the world to learn and the fees are as easy as the lessons themselves. Gratis and post free, an absorbingly interesting illustrated book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," will be sent to you on request. No obligation. Write to-day.—The Wallace Attwood Correspondence College, 28 T., Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

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Fill in the details and these particulars will be sent you. Address Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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JOHN BULL, 11th Jan., 1924.

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SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them. 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

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Each Hospital retains the whole of the proceeds from the Tickets they sell and all the profits of the British Charities Association go to the Hospitals. The whole of the prize money has already been given and no percentage of the funds goes to "Organisers."

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Look at the prize list. Are you going to miss this opportunity? Send your donation to-day to your local Hospital or use this Coupon.

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That's the right idea for all New Year parties, for children and grown ups. Plenty of glorious fruit—sweet, juicy Oranges, choice Apples, and luscious Pears for everybody.

This is the wonderful thing about Fruit—it both appeals to the palate and is good for health. Its very look makes the mouth water, and there is life, health, energy, and good digestion in its delightful juices.

You can have piled-up dishes of the world's finest Oranges, Apples and Pears for a few shillings. So give them abundance of fruit—eat plenty of it yourself to keep young and happy.

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NUPINES

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FOR THE CHEST THROAT & LUNGS

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FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

Vol. XXXV. No. 918.
Week ending Saturday,
Jan. 12, 1924. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *&* *the* DEVIL

For the People—
the Right
to Justice
& Truth

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2

Telephone:
Gerrard 9866.

Telegrams:
Heroically,
London.

Our 1924 Prophecy.

As we prophesied last week, signs of a real trade revival are appearing on all sides. There is optimism in practically every industrial centre in the land.

Plundering Starts.

At the first hints of a trade revival, prices begin to rise all round. Speculators and profiteers are the cause. Unless Parliament can find means to deal with such rogues better trade, for most people, will be a sham.

Dilly-Dally.

Parliament has now met after wasting many valuable weeks. And at least one week more must elapse before anything can be done. This time-wasting for Party purposes will not be readily forgotten by the people.

National Needs First.

There is nothing at all, however, to stop all Parties "fusing" for the sake of pushing through with the utmost speed certain things that will not wait. Whatever Party acts as obstructionist will do so at its peril.

Making Certain.

Mr. Baldwin's Government is determined to die in an undignified manner. Certain of speedy execution, the way it has hastily filled important ambassadorships and judgeships is little short of scandalous.

What About It?

A New Year and a New Parliament—what an opportunity for getting ahead with the Channel Tunnel. It would provide work for thousands, and better Continental communication would mean better trade.

Worth Trying.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's view is that out of the present difficult system will develop a new idea, under which a Government not actually with a Party majority will try to govern in accordance with real public opinion. It is worth a trial, at any rate.

An Improper Suggestion.

The frenzied efforts of the Trust Press to prevent Labour taking office are leading them to tell the King what he must and must not do. But when they seek to make the issue "The King *v.* Labour," they overstep the bounds of propriety.

Dishonest Nonsense.

This is the only fit characterisation of the rubbish that appears daily in the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News* about the Labour Party. For once we can congratulate Lord Beaverbrook, who has at least kept his head.

Too Timid.

Lord Curzon's mild enquiry as to the conditions on which France is lending millions to the Little Entente, must be followed by a stern demand for payment of our debt.

Insults and Armaments.

As a gesture towards Britain, such a series of loans is little short of an insult. £32,000,000 spent on arming the little States of Europe is not a step we can view with unconcern.

Time for Firm Action.

Both as an act of justice, and as a preventive measure to check the imitation Imperialism of M. Poincaré, a straight demand for the payment of the £612,000,000 owing to Britain is a highly desirable thing.

Russia can Help.

Political recognition of Russia would set the banks free to grant credits to British industries exporting to Russia. Parliament can set the wheels of trade revolving in earnest with a word; and that word must be spoken.

One Thing He Did Do!

Mr. Baldwin dismissed the Committee on Trusts as soon as he came to office, but that did not stop the robbery it was exposing and condemning. With the dismissal of Mr. Baldwin we look to see it reborn, and its proposals put on the Statute Book.

A Bright Idea.

Sir William Beveridge's suggestion for an Economic General Staff to advise on finance, trade and commerce, just as experts now advise on military and naval matters, is worthy of attention. Any Government might adopt it with advantage.

A Sound Judge.

Discussing his brother, Lord Rothermere, with an American journalist some time ago, the late Lord Northcliffe said: "A fine business man but lacking in judgment of men and politics." The latter part of the judgment is being demonstrated sound, at any rate.

Facts that Talk.

Most significant is the fact that unemployment figures are shrinking. Also on the credit side is the fact that negotiations involving many millions are on the point of completion between British business men and the Soviet Government.

To Ensure Food Supplies.

Last year the Development Commissioners granted only £2,537 to schemes for the reclamation of land. Once more we press the Wash on their attention. It can be done, and would provide work for thousands.

Worthy of Consideration.

Britain is not pulling her scientific weight in scores of industries, largely because research work is crippled through lack of funds. Here is a large and useful field waiting for State-aided development.

Get the Duster Out!

It is unthinkable that a small section of the railwaymen should be able to threaten the country with a disastrous stoppage. The real trouble is within the unions. Sectional organisation means sectional jealousy. There is need of a general spring clean.

Ha! Ha!

The League of Nations is thinking of tackling the question of war debts and reparations. France is a member of the League and she owes us £612,000,000. Yes, we *don't* think!

The Sham League.

The League of Nations has had another notion—an international insurance fund against disasters. A good idea, but war is not included as a disaster. We need say no more!

An Echo of Corfu.

The carefully suppressed report on the Corfu outrage has been unearthed, and shows Britain in a very unsavoury light. It is another proof that a modern world has no use for the old gang of diplomats.

Ill-advised "Orders."

The Dominions are loudly demanding the ratification of Mr. Baldwin's pledges on Imperial Preference. We wish to remind them that this is a matter for the British Parliament to decide—and that it takes orders from no one.

On the Brink.

While politicians shilly-shally at home, the Indian Government is steadily provoking a war in Afghanistan. We demand to be told exactly what is happening in that region.

Nothing but Chaos.

It is a fact that chaos reigns in the Ministry of Agriculture regarding the slaughter policy. Instructions to local representatives issued the same day order slaughter, cancel and re-order. And it is by no means certain that Sir Stewart Stockman favours the policy imposed on him.

Only Supposing!

Approximately £2,000,000 have been paid in compensation for slaughtered cattle. If a tenth of this sum had been spent in research work a different story would have been told!

Find the Robbers!

For the fourth time since autumn the price of coal has been raised, and the middlemen are desperately trying to find excuses. It is just shameless profiteering of a kind we expect Parliament to put an end to.

Speaking Figures.

While hundreds of thousands of miners are living at a mere subsistence level, the total trading profit of the industry already stood at £19,000,000 last August. There is no justice in refusing to put into practice the recommendations of the Sankey Report.

So We Said.

Despite the jeremiads of the farmers and their howls for help, farms sold well last year, prices were on the up-grade, and there were fewer bankruptcies than in previous years. As usual the panic was well planned!

Herbal Peril.

Yet another tragedy arising out of reliance on herbal treatment for serious disease. When will the authorities awake to the danger and act accordingly?

Wrong Again.

So after all the British Empire Exhibition is to be closed on Sundays—the only day on which thousands would have been able to enjoy its attractions. How like the authorities! And how stupidly British!

The Woman Pays Again.

When Jane Dudley, a seventeen-year-old girl of Pleck, near Walsall, was charged with stealing a coat from St. John's School, it transpired that she committed the crime in order to obtain food for her fourteen-months-old baby. The mother was placed on probation with a view to her entering a home. But what of the father? Is the mean hound to remain scot-free?

Bonuses for Babies.

America can even show the best-ever landlord. Johan Swenson owns a forty-family apartment house in Jersey City, and offers bonuses for every baby born in the house. Twenty bawling babies have accordingly taken him at his word during the past year. Mr. Swenson has always stipulated that no family *without* children should become tenants. British landlords please copy.

Building Bonnie Babies.

Every mother in the country will be delighted at the statement of Dr. J. B. Orr, director of the Rowett Institute of Research. He announces that a cure of rickets has been discovered and will be given to every mother in the poor quarters of our cities, so that a C3 population may become an A1 nation. This cure will be a godsend to thousands of anxious mothers, who have wept in the silent hours of the night as they thought over their babies' affliction.

Civilian Red-tape.

When Mrs. Fanny Rapley, of Apse Heath, Isle of Wight, met her death by being knocked down by a heavy motor wagon her body remained jammed under the vehicle for a full hour, because no one in the crowd would undertake the responsibility of moving it. They all held the preposterous notion that either a doctor or a constable should be the first to take steps for its recovery. But suppose some glimmer of life had remained. What gumption!

Very Curious.

According to an official statement, the fund raised for the sufferers from the terrible explosion at Tipton last year amounted to £4,766, sufficient to provide each of the five survivors with £133 per annum for life. It is curious that three of them should be receiving only £40 2s. a year, payable 15s. 5d. weekly, and of the remaining two one has only £11 2s. 6d. a year, and the other only £4 9s. a year. Where is the rest of the money?

Turned into the Snow.

Outside the Ilkeston Central Mission the Rev. F. N. Charley has posted up: "Ilkeston Scandals! Houses standing empty while man, wife and six children are turned out into the snow on Boxing Day." If these facts are correct, the flint-hearted landlord must have had a rotten Christmas if he has any feelings left. Mr. Charley was man and Christian enough to let the evicted family spend a Happy Christmas in his own home.

Pranks with a Post-office.

Having served his country throughout the war, J. H. Barrie bought a small business in Southport, the value of which was enhanced by the fact that there was a branch post-office attached to it. Without any reason being given, it is announced that the post-office is to be transferred to premises barely a hundred yards away, though it has done very well where it has stood for the last thirty-seven years. We are not surprised that local residents are annoyed by such pranks, which involve hardship on a worthy man.

Granny's Love.

Poor old Granny Garrham, of Ashmare, Paddington Green, is dead, but she will live always in the memory of her dear ones. When this frail old lady of seventy-nine, who at other times was almost too weak to get about, was acting as nurse to her three young grand-children, the hearthrug caught fire and the room became one mass of flames. But the love of this aged heroine was such that she battled through the inferno till the last of the three bairns was carried to safety. Later, as she lay in hospital dying in agony, almost her last words were to ask if the youngest baby was all right. Age can never quench love such as this.

Go to Sea?

The kindly Old Street magistrate, Mr. Clarke Hall, thinks it "is greatly to be regretted that we have so little facility for sending boys to sea direct from London." It seems to me that patriotic shipowners might help us.

Beery Blue Boys.

When a Liverpool licensee was summoned for selling after prohibited hours, a police witness confessed that all the drink taken off the premises by women had been paid for by himself and another constable. Which was followed by the suggestion from the Stipendiary that it was the police who had encouraged the girls to get the drink after hours. This is a point in police methods the City's Chief must deal with.

Sports on the Bench.

When Chas. Wadsworth was charged at the Derbyshire Sessions with obtaining £10 by false pretences, the Bench said that as he had formerly played cricket for Yorkshire, there must be something good in him. So they subscribed between them £5 with the hope that this would help him to make a fresh start. Behind the garments of the law beats many a kind heart; the Derbyshire magistrates are real sports.

Knave—in War and Peace.

Weak-kneed knave in war and mean despicable hound in peace are terms not a whit too strong to size up the character of Cyril Walter Vincent, a native of Manchester. Found guilty of cowardice in face of the enemy while holding the rank of captain, he narrowly escaped the death penalty. He returned to civilian life to indulge in wholesale fraud and theft and the betrayal of girls whom he afterwards deserted: Nine years and not nine months' imprisonment is what the scamp deserved.

The Human Machine.

HOW TO GET UP

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

GETTING up in the morning is a little winter-time problem that affects us all.

The amount of nervous energy we expend in coming to the point is out of all proportion to the nature of the task.

Make getting up a habit, and it will cease to be a problem.

Viewed coldly, it is just as easy to get up as to stay in bed. It is simply a question of making a decision and acting on it.

It is a question of will-power.

A person who cannot act on a decision has a weak will: and his problem is to educate it and make it strong.

If you find it difficult to get up in the morning tell yourself the night before that you CAN.

It helps to say it aloud. Say it firmly.

Say it as though you meant it.

It's no use being half-hearted about it.

You are giving orders to your subconscious self. If it is done properly you will find on waking that the decision is uppermost in your mind.

Then comes the crucial moment. If you stop to think you are lost.

Let your subconscious mind impel your muscles to action before your reasoning powers gain the upper hand!

Every night, just before you go to sleep, tell yourself that you CAN get up.

Never miss a night.

Each morning you succeed will make next morning's task easier.

Each morning you give way will make it harder.

The nervous system does not readily forgive weakness.

Steady practice, night and morning, backed by real effort, will establish the getting-up HABIT.

When that is done the problem is solved.

He Gave Two Hands.

Some men give the needy gold, silver and copper. Their reward lies in the Honours Lists. Mr. Reginald Blackall, of Leigh-on-Sea, has given humanity his two hands. For twenty years, knowing the penalty, he operated the X-rays at the London Hospital. The hospital will keep the hero on full pay for his life—he is forty-one—and the Carnegie Hero Fund has awarded him £75 a year. Let us inscribe his name on the noble scroll of those who have suffered for their fellow men!

Imperishable Fame.

Some fond parent will forget the names of Napoleon and Lloyd George and Churchill, but enshrine "Eddie Smith" on the tablets of the heart. Eddie, a Scout in the Gobowen Troop, was cutting thistles when he heard cries of distress and saw a child drowning in the Hindford Canal. He immediately plunged in and rescued the little one. Such unhesitating bravery is immortal, but Eddie would say that it was only his "good turn" for the day.

Thanks to Santa Claus.

A few weeks ago a poverty-stricken parent told in our "Letter Parliament" how his little girl was crying for a doll. The child's tears were quickly turned to smiles through the generosity of several readers who sent toys and gifts of money which helped to brighten Christmas in that sorrowful home, and we are asked to thank those who so promptly played the part of Santa Claus. It is good to know that the Dickens spirit still pervades our readers at Christmastime.

Alleviating Distress.

It is rather a melancholy, if not morbid, thought, that "in the midst of life we are in death." The old evangelists used to say: In order to live well prepare to die well. Mrs. Elizabeth McCormick of Congleton, Cheshire, missed her footing while walking upstairs, and fell to the bottom. She was picked up dead. Naught can take away the sadness from such tragedies, but the fact that Mrs. McCormick was a registered reader of this journal means that her next-of-kin has received £250 through our Insurance Gift Scheme.

Dens of Dunfermline.

The cave-men of the Stone Age must have had dwellings more conducive to comfort and good morals than those of some poor souls in Dunfermline. In that Northern town one house of two rooms affords shelter—but little else—for sixteen people, one of the rooms giving sleeping accommodation for a man and his wife, their two grown-up children, a married daughter and her husband and their three children. Yet this is but one example of many similar cases. One of the first duties of our new Parliament ought to be that of abolishing these horrors of modern barbarism.

Wrecking at Wrexham.

Some time ago Professor Abercrombie of Liverpool was commissioned to prepare a town-planning scheme for Wrexham. His proposals included alterations to narrow streets and improvements to the congested areas—just obvious steps to improve the living conditions of the working classes. Unfortunately for them the property owners and traders have kicked up "hell's delight" at the suggestions, and so the Wrexham Council have dropped the proposal. Is the Council in the pocket of the property owners? Or are the property owners the Council?

Eggsactly!

That an egg-seller's florid face, savouring in its ruddiness of an environment truly rural, does not necessarily mean that his eggs are new-laid has been made clear at Blackburn. A boy of thirteen, surrounded by an air of rusticity and with a fresh complexion raising visions of farm-reared poultry, conceived the idea of making money by first purchasing imported pickled eggs and then selling them to unsuspecting shop-keepers as the genuine freshly produced goods. Unfortunately for the boy the eggs, when opened, spoke for themselves, and laid bare to the police the plot he had hatched.

Man of Money.

The warrant for the arrest of John Carter, Whitfield Street, London, described him as a stout man. In the dock at Marlborough Street he proved to be a whipper-snapper. It appears that the beast secreted about his clothing the cash he amassed in helping with Ida Swoboda to manage a disorderly house, the police slitting £41 out of the creature's garments. They touched him for £25. Carter needs carting farther afield.

The Charity Cheats.

Many people have written to us with regard to the charity exploiters, Blackburn and Breton, recently exposed in this journal. It is significant to note that Breton had the audacity to get in touch with officers and men in His Majesty's Grand Fleet, to whom he sent cadging appeals. Our Special Commissioner is following up certain information which may lead to important results. Meantime, give them a wide berth.

A Cad at Large.

A certain male friend of Kate Polkinghorne, a domestic servant found dead at a house in Goldsmith Avenue, Acton, is a cad of the most contemptible brand. The dead girl left a note containing the phrase: "I have been more sinned against than sinning by a deceitful man who has lied and left me." This scoundrel must be brought to book instead of being left with the power to ruin other girls!

'Ware the Welshers.

"Heads I win, tails you lose," seems to be the dictum of many bookmakers. Many punters who have successfully tried their luck with football coupons have awaited their winnings in vain. We suggest authoritative supervision of all who enter "the profession" and an association which not only insists on a code of honour, but which will negotiate a huge reserve fund to be drawn upon by its members in times when form is against the bookies, as is the case this season.

The Yellow Dogs.

The people in official quarters who regarded our recent articles on the Chinese menace in this country as exaggerated, may change their opinion now, in view of the arrest at Liverpool of fifty Chinamen and four Englishmen, on charges of gambling in "Puck-a-pu." Dope was discovered on some of the yellow men, and no less than £500 was found in the pockets of the principal gamblers. The police have yet to realise that "Chinatown" will never be cleansed unless their vigilance is relentlessly maintained.

Future Hitches—not Flitches.

Marriages are made in heaven, it is said. Some of our city mayors must believe themselves to be the divinely appointed apostles elected to hurry into wedlock strangers from widely separated parts of the world. The latest convert to this belief is the Mayor of Luton, who is bestirring himself to find an English wife for a man of Brooklyn, U.S.A. When one considers that the essential features of happy marriages are good-comradeship and compatibility of temperament we wonder at the irresponsible temerity of these people who ought to know better.

Blairmuckhill Colliery.

With reference to our open letter in a recent issue addressed to Sheriff MacDiarmid, before whom John Watt, Daniel Cleland, under manager, and David Graham, of Blairmuckhill Colliery, Harthill, Lanarkshire, were charged with offences under the Coal Mines Act, we are assured by the Secretary of the Colliery Under-Managers' and Overmen's Association of Scotland that such charges had no connection with the death of Moses Sinnett, which was in fact caused through another employee of the Colliery Company striking a match. We think it right in fairness to Messrs. Watt, Cleland and Graham to publish this explanation, and regret if our readers were misled by our comments. We have agreed to compensate Mr. Cleland for any damage which may have been caused to him by the publication of our open letter.

Expensive Hunting.

For one of the many detectives watching "Posh Patsy" out-of-pocket expenses alone run to £234 odd. Queer that public money should be wasted in this way when any man who watches regularly the Dover-Calais service to Paris could find "Patsy" twice a week.

Drug Smugglers.

Dope is being smuggled into the country by seamen who, in cunningly conceived hiding-places, bring it across, and are daring in their dealings with customers. Greek sailors are engaging in the trade at Liverpool and at some other ports. When the police lay their hands upon the buyers who distribute quantities to drug-maniacs, the business will be suppressed.

A Flat Trap in France.

Macadam, Smith & Co., 55, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, who publish a curious sheet called "The Financial Record," celebrated the New Year by circularising all and sundry, urging them to purchase "1925 Paris Exhibition Bonds." We have previously dealt at length with this concern, but in view of recent enquiries we repeat our opinion that Macadam, Smith & Co. are best left alone.

Street Door Cheat.

The swindlings of Arthur James Jullien, of Putney, belong to a very mean order, consisting of persuading servant girls that he was the agent of an assurance company and keeping the money they handed over. He pleaded the peculiar tale that he had made a round of whist drives in an effort to win £50 to repay the women, but for six weeks he won't be allowed near a card, for hard labour is his lot.

Problems of Life.

THE HOPE OF TO-MORROW

by the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A GREAT teacher, Sanderson of Oundle, gave it as his experience that to follow the method of appealing to the constructive rather than to the acquisitive instinct in his pupils had the result that boys never wanted to make or discover things merely for themselves.

He added: "What they love to do is to take part in some great work that must be done for the community; some work that goes beyond them, some great spacious work."

One of the foremost English writers of our time, John Galsworthy, preaches the same doctrine in his three books called the Forsyte Saga.

He says that since the war the younger generation has become indifferent to owning things and wants instead to do things—things that will make the whole world brighter and better.

The young men and women see that the curse of civilisation, the ever suppurating sore at the core of human society, is the passion to possess, and they want to do away with it.

In its place they would put the urge of creatorship for the common good—the most inspiring of all motives to action.

May those that feel like this climb into power quickly and dislodge the older folk who are still under the dominion of the false beliefs that make wars and bloody revolutions: that one man's gain is another's loss, and that no nation can prosper except at the expense of commercial rivals.

We have little to fear in the new age if only we can succeed in giving general expression to what is already a natural desire of the human heart, the desire to contribute something worth while to the ever-growing total of man's knowledge and mastery of himself and his world.

Once the idea catches on it will sweep everything before it.

The Pill Purveyor.

Many shopkeepers in Lancashire and Yorkshire districts have been badly gulled by an impudent impostor, and unless he is laid by the heels, more will suffer. His pose is that of a medical man, his proof of qualification, surgical instruments he probably does not know how to use, and his fraud stuff worthless pills. New names for himself he seems to have no difficulty in finding, and to them all attaches "Dr." His real name is known to the police.

Disappearing Act.

A number of readers in Aberdare paid deposits on watches and clocks to "A. J. Gilbert, Dealer and Importer of Fine Arts and Fancy Goods, 5, Canon Street, Aberdare, and at London, Ilfracombe, and Rhyl," who assured them he would be there for at least six months. Three weeks later he disappeared, taking his watches, clocks and deposits with him. As the trick is likely to be repeated elsewhere, readers will do well to be on their guard.

Cambrian Trust Methods.

Last week a reader who some time ago foolishly forwarded £5 to the Cambrian Trust for an oil plot was surprised to receive a visit from a well-dressed man who drove up in a taxi and told her he had brought her good news. The good news consisted of the assertion that oil would almost certainly be found close to her little bit of land, and the offer of a further twenty-five plots at £5 a plot. It is strange, if the land is so valuable, that they should be so eager to sell it.

Hospital Competition Mystery.

People in Reading are puzzled to account for the abandonment of the "Gigantic Football Skill Competition," with guaranteed prizes of £3,000, which was promoted in aid of the Royal Berks Hospital. "Unforeseen circumstances having arisen" is the vague official explanation, and ticket holders have been invited to transfer their interest to another competition. The promoters speak of their "heavy loss" in connection with the first venture, and it seems a pity that more specific information about certain points, accompanied by a properly audited balance-sheet, has not been issued.

Shy Stanley.

We have previously referred to the shyness of Stanley Bruce, of 192, Alexandra Road, London, N.W., who describes himself as a "Business Expert and Man of Ideas," and prints on his note-paper the names of several bankers, a telephone number, a telegraphic address, and a cable code, but cannot be got to answer the telephone. His shyness has now extended to his correspondence, for a reader who sent him 4s. for one of his books cannot get a reply, not even a receipt for his money. And Stanley still offers to sell the secret of how he made a fortune in three years!

Fleecing the Unemployed.

"Principal and busiest season will commence immediately after Christmas, owing to the British Empire Exhibition. Apply at once and avail yourself of the opportunities." Thus F. Roberts, of Chadwell Heath, Essex, who advertises assistance to those seeking situations as stewards and stewardesses on ocean liners. To put it shortly, he charges 3s. 6d. for information which can be obtained for nothing from the shipping companies, and can exercise no influence whatever over appointments. As most of his dupes are unemployed, it is a particularly mean ramp.

A Trap for House-hunters.

The London and Suburban Agency, Limited, 28, Victoria Street, S.W., are still making easy money out of house-hunters. A reader who made it clear to them that he required a house in the Walthamstow district paid their fee of 10s., but all he received was lists of addresses with rooms to let in every other suburb but the one stipulated. Following complaints, he was promised special attention, but the last list sent was as useless as the first. Obviously the firm's interest in clients begins and ends when they have pocketed the fees.

The Fag-end of a Fortune

THE smoking of cigarettes is scarcely a crime: it is merely a pleasure—and an expense. In a sad world nearly all pleasures are expensive, and, unhappily, too many of them are illusory.

But there is no reason why cigarette smoking should be an expense. If you know how to set about it you can make it a joy—and a profit. All you have to do is to pay a farthing a week and join the New "Safety" Cigarette Club, founded by Mr. W. E. Frith, of Liverpool Street, Granville Gardens, Dover.

We do not profess to understand exactly how this club is run. But we like its wide and generous scope: "Ladies or non-smokers welcomed. Anyone may join: No work to do." Some members, it is added, are saving more than enough to clothe themselves for a whole year.

Thank you, Mr. Frith. All you have to do, apparently, is to throw other cigarettes away, and smoke Mr. Frith's Safety, Economic, Non-Smouldering and Non-Dropping cigarettes, or, buy his similarly exemplarily behaved cigarette-papers and wrap them round the smouldering fire-dropping, high-explosive cigarettes of mere commerce.

If you do this, it seems that you can save from seventy to ninety per cent. in the cost of your cigarettes, and you cannot burn holes in your own clothing, or the office carpet, or set fire to the house. And you can get prizes for this careful safety-first conduct—your chance of watches, chains, bracelets, razors, clocks, fountain-pens, and even Denikin rouble notes.

Mr. Frith is very good with his good thing, the Cigarette Club. He will allow you to put your kiddies into it for sixpence a year. Some day they may learn to smoke cigarettes. Why not catch them now, and train them up in non-smouldering and non-fire dropping habits, which, we are told, have the approval of a former Cabinet Minister, and the leading Fire Insurance offices.

Mr. Frith says he could send many more prizes, but the three-halfpenny stamp blocks the way. Of course it does. You cannot send too many railways and ships—to say nothing of fur animals—without congesting local post offices.

Mr. Frith is going to float his syndicate and invites the public to apply for one-pound shares. As he says, original one-pound shares in many companies are now worth six pounds, and it is anticipated that this Company's shares will soon double in value and rise rapidly in price.

We see no reason to believe it. Mr. Frith does not encourage us with a balance-sheet, which would be more to the point than sad stories of girls—and chauffeurs—burned to death by the dangerous cigarettes of commerce. People who have money to burn will not necessarily save it by shares in a non-smouldering syndicate.

"Parson's" Amazing Impudence

MANY generous-hearted people have done their best to help those who fall into the ways of crime, but here is a new recruit in the task of rescue, a gentleman whose hand is not less all-embracing than his heart.

THE public may sometimes wonder what happens to a man who has been publicly denounced in the columns of JOHN BULL for improper dealings with other people's money, and to whom the attention of the Public Prosecutor has been directed by this journal.

We have no control over the Public Prosecutor, but propose to give here the story of the latest adventures of Mr. Francis S. Caudle, a mealy mouthed and sanctimonious person, whose job of work in life seems to be to combine blatant piety, pulpit propaganda and financial company promoting, honeycombed with bogus pretensions and naked fraud, and followed by irretrievable losses to those who entrust their money to this clerical shark.

We exposed him for running the Industrial House Purchase Society, Limited, which he ran on the rocks. He paid himself a salary of £10 a week, and took money from people to buy houses for them when he knew that he could not build those houses.

His simple Christian faith enabled him to take other people's money in the hope, no doubt, that a miracle would happen, like the loaves and the fishes, to bring it back tenfold to them, and in this pious aspiration he went on, drawing inspiration from a better world, and drawing his salary in a worse.

When the crash came in June last, he migrated from his Strand office to the West of England. He had no money. His salary stopped when his building society till was empty. And the faith which can move mountains seems in his case to stop short at replenishing tills.

A Mrs. Lardner, a lady of position in Somersetshire, harassed by the servant problem, recently advertised in the *Christian* for a man and his wife to keep house for her. Caudle and his wife took the position. With pious fervour Caudle went down on his evangelical knees, a job to which he is accustomed, and scrubbed the floor, a job to which he was not.

His Christian fortitude soon broke down. He explained that he was destined for great things, and presumably felt impatient at having to do grate things. Incidentally, he complained of the food. A Christian stomach is not less exacting than the barbarian. He gave notice.

He girded up his loins, tightened his belt, cleared his throat, and turned up at a Clevedon prayer meeting. There he arose among the audience and delivered a prayer, extempore, unexpected, and electrifying.

In the first flush of his triumphant vindication of the power to preach, and to touch men's hearts and not merely their pockets, Caudle offered to found a mission there and then. His offer was not accepted, even though he explained that the Lord had led him there. He overlooked the fact that JOHN BULL had followed him there, too.

He offered to found a mission round the corner. His offer was not accepted. But when the alternative is polishing grates, persistence becomes a practical and a prudent and a productive, as well as a Christian, virtue. He worked his way into the pulpit of the Nailsea Congregational Church, four miles from Clevedon, and is now preaching there with fervour and acceptance.

He has presumably forgotten all about Poplar and the queue of ruined investors whose money he helped to squander. Instead, he has decided to make the Sleepy Hollow of Clevedon, Zummerzet, a bright and shining citadel of Christian Endeavour, supported by Voluntary Contributions.

The mission he is founding is not intended to warn people against the danger of investing their money in bogus building societies run by predatory preachers on the prehensile prowl. He courteously leaves that job to JOHN BULL, which we venture to think will do it much more effectively and much more wholeheartedly. His mission has a more ambitious outlook. Caudle has charged himself with the task of the "Abolition of Criminality."

Obviously he has no fear of the Director of Public Prosecutions, since he calmly proposes to take over his functions. He has begun in Clevedon, not because he is living there in a gardener's cottage, but because as he says, "Small towns are too often not touched by other societies." Poplar is not a small town. It was not only touched by Mr. Caudle, but badly stung.

In a printed pamphlet Caudle appeals "to all the Lord's children to help in this great work." He says "The mission has no funds, but the founder is stepping out on the promises of Almighty God. He has called and I am answering." The German Emperor used to make God his ally; the modest and imperious and financially undependable Mr. Caudle uses a capital letter for himself as "Founder" in the same pious way that he uses capital letters for Almighty God.

In spite of this, we do not recommend the Zimple-minded Zons of Zummerzet to give their money to Caudle, even though he has changed his name to the "Rev. David Caudle."

We extend the same warning to people throughout the country who get his circular, and who may contemplate Caudle facing unabashed the great work of abolishing criminality throughout a wicked world.

Look Out for the Aldermen

DRIVER JOHN COSGROVE, of the Burnley Tramways, was dismissed from his position some time ago by the Discipline Committee of the Burnley Council.

We have no hesitation in saying that his dismissal was an act of gross tyranny, and we appeal to the people of Burnley to take this case up and do justice to this man.

Here is what happened. Cosgrove was driving a car which was already overcrowded. An inspector boarded it. A little further on a man was seen waiting to get on the overladen car. The inspector rang the bell. The driver did not anticipate this and could not pull up until he had passed the expectant passenger by twenty yards.

It was for this that he was dismissed. The expectant passenger was an alderman, and apparently respect for local aldermen makes it obligatory on local tram-drivers not to pass them by more than five, or at the outside, ten yards.

It is true that the alderman did not complain; he said that the tram was full and properly declined to board it. The inspector was not punished for stopping a full car. But the driver was punished for passing an alderman, for which he was reported by the inspector.

That is not justice. It is a travesty of fair play. But there is worse than this in the story.

Driver Cosgrove was asked if he would submit to the loss of four shillings, his merit pay for a month. He refused. He estimated his character at more than this amount. He was punished, not by the deduction of four shillings, but by dismissal from his job.

He is a widower with seven children. The motherless children of Burnley may go hungry, but an alderman must not be passed by a Council tramcar by the disrespectful distance of twenty yards.

The sight of a City Father walking twenty yards after a tramcar is one that a Burnley tram inspector ought not to undergo the humiliation of witnessing. Widowers and their children may starve, but aldermen must be kow-tow-ed to.

Cosgrove is a man of exemplary character, a life-long teetotaler, and was mentioned in despatches by General Buller at Ladysmith for an act of bravery under fire.

In the tram case he was tried behind his back and given no opportunity of answering his accusers.

There is one answer that could be made and should be made by the people of Burnley. They should elect this man to the Council which dismissed him. If he cannot get justice from the Discipline Committee he can in this way get a free pardon from his fellow-citizens.

London Wolves and Country Lambs

MANY people, up and down the country, regret that they ever heard of the impudent concern whose audacious activities in obtaining goods from country farmers, without paying for them, we reveal here with a request that official action shall be taken without delay.

FOR some time a concern called R. Watson & Company, Limited, of 18, Bartholomew Close, Smithfield Market, London, E.C., has been advertising in newspapers circulating in country districts. It deals in country produce, and advertises for poultry, eggs, butter and hams, for which it says it is prepared to pay the best prices.

An example of its procedure is to be found in the experience of Mr. C. W. B. Cory, 49, Vicarage Street, Barnstaple. In reply to an advertisement, Mr. Cory sent last June a consignment of poultry, pork, and other goods to the value of about £20 to this firm. When the goods arrived Messrs. Watson did not send on the money for them. Mr. Cory at once wrote for it.

Watson & Co., Ltd., replied that they regretted the delay, which was due to their principal being on the Continent, and promised to settle the account without fail by the following Saturday.

They did not settle on the following Saturday. But on the following Monday they wrote to say that their principal was expected back within a week, when Mr. Cory's account was to be his first consideration.

The next day they wrote again to say that his goods and money were quite safe, but the delay had now become due to the illness of the principal partner.

Two days later they amended this to the statement that their principal was now home, though unable to attend to business, but that the money would be sent on by Tuesday at the latest—probably earlier. That was last July.

The money has never been sent on. Mr. Cory took action and obtained judgment, but has not been able to get his money. Unsatisfied judgments for much larger amounts had been previously obtained by other victims.

We have no hesitation in saying that this is a thoroughly unsatisfactory way of doing business, and we draw the attention of the newspapers up and down the country which are publishing its advertisements to this firm's activities.

But that is a minor matter in the indictment. How does it come about that a concern like this can so easily impose upon the public, although trade journals like the *Mercantile Guardian* have repeatedly criticised it and issued warnings against it?

The answer is to be found in the elaborate notepaper used by the firm. We have before us a letter issued by it in June of last year. It is headed: "R. Watson & Company, Limited (Established 1872)." On another note heading it claims to have been established in 1862. It is apparently doubtful when it really was established, though that is not the only doubtful thing about it.

The names of the directors are given as J. Cleaver and Robert Watson, and the business is described as "Wholesale Grocers and Provision Merchants." It gains further impressiveness by a telephone number, a telegraphic address, the cabling codes used (one of them curiously enough being called "Scattergoods"), and there is added the reassuring information that the Bankers are Lloyds Limited and Middlesex Banking Company, Limited (Head Office). The letter is signed "for and on behalf of R. Watson & Co., Ltd." by "P. Lawrie Smellie, Manager."

Country people, when they see the name of Lloyds Bank and the Middlesex Banking Company, Limited, on a business firm's note-heading, think that they are dealing with reputable concerns.

We have made our inquiries with regard to R. Watson & Co., Ltd., and we find that on the day that it wrote this letter, proudly blazoning forth its bankers, its directors, and its codes, and while it was obtaining consignments of goods from country producers, there was no such limited liability company in existence at all!

It is true that some time later a company was formed. The directors were Mr. Robert Watson and Julia Cleaver, widow, both of the same address, at 172, Grange Road, Ilford. The business was described as that of "Fur, Skin, Feather and Leather Merchants," and Mr. Watson and Mrs. Cleaver each subscribed for five pounds' worth of shares. A modest company it will be seen in its origin, if rather immodest in the naked impudence of its proceedings.

But what we should like to know is what the Board of Trade is going to do with people who describe themselves as directors of a limited liability company, and obtain credit thereby, before the Registrar has issued his certificate entitling them to trade.

In this case, for at least six weeks before registration, the firm was using the title of R. Watson & Company, Limited, and writing letters on note-headings with this title. This is an offence under the Company Law. The persons who commit it are liable to a fine of up to £5 a day for every day the offence is committed. The two directors and the manager thus exposed themselves to penalties which in the aggregate would amount to many hundreds of pounds.

We do not suppose that Mr. Cory will ever get his money. The many judgments obtained by his predecessors in victimisation block the way. But that is only an additional reason why the Board of Trade should do its plain duty.

Looking After No. 1

OF fools and their folly we have a fairly wide experience, and while in the Scriptures we are enjoined to "suffer fools gladly," we must confess that we are more inclined to adopt the cautious attitude of Hazlitt, who declared, "I am always afraid of a fool . . ."

Such, we suggest, should be the attitude of actors and actresses who have been puzzled by a strange proposition emanating from an individual named Maresso Marisini, a man of many parts in more senses than one.

An Italian, he seems long since to have forsaken the sunny slopes of his native land, and after sojourning for a while in France, to have been connected for several years with the theatrical profession in this country.

His present obsession appears to be the abolition of unemployment and distress among theatrical people, though what qualifications he has for such an undertaking it is difficult to ascertain.

He informs us that he started in a stable of a brewery and finished in a first-class building. Where, he does not say, but it is to be inferred that it was somewhere on the Continent. We know, however, though he is silent on the matter, that he was for a time associated with a provincial touring company in this country which proved a financial failure, and after a while endeavoured to run it himself, with no greater success.

Now he comes forward with an elaborate scheme headed, "The Solved Problem in Present Circumstances, viz.: Looking after one's own interest and alleviating others' suffering."

He proposes the establishment of "A Commonwealth of Stage Players," with a capital of £2,000, divided into one pound shares. With this meagre capital, if and when he gets it, he suggests running eight theatrical companies of ten members each, salaries to be from £2 to £3 a week with shares in profits and in a "saving fund."

The details of the scheme are really ridiculous. Indeed, the secretary of the Actors' Association describes it in a word as "comic," and there are many other ways in which it might be described.

There is some method in the madness of this crackpot Mussolini, however, for we note that a general manager is to be appointed at £5 a week with shares in the profits and savings fund. Perhaps this is the job Maresco Marisini had in mind in heading his circular, "Looking after one's own interest," etc.

The document concludes with "a kind request to editors to support this, my prospectus, by putting that mighty weapon—the paper—at the disposal of them who will benefit by the throwing in of piles of subscriptions."

We fear we can only recommend that the prospectus be thrown into the waste-paper basket.

Kidnapped by Bumble

THE splay feet of Bumble leave a woeful trail of broken hearts where he has trodden his way heavily through the humble homes of London's poor.

Let us follow his clumsy footsteps to Islington, where a sad-eyed mother sits weeping for her little son, ruthlessly snatched from her by hard, unfeeling officialdom.

For two-and-twenty years Mrs. George lived a life of married misery, tied to an intemperate husband. Her sorrow's crown of sorrows is not the recollection of happier days, but the loss of the comfort that was left to her when her worthless mate deserted her four years ago.

The single room in Corinth Road in which she lived was all she had to call her home, but it was clean and comfortably furnished, and was brightened by the childish prattle of her two little boys, Sidney, aged seven, and Leslie, aged four.

To eke out the small amount of relief allowed her by the Guardians, she sold matches in the street, and contrived to keep her little ones comparatively well fed and warmly clothed. They were all the joy she had left in life, and she counted no sacrifice too great for their happiness.

There came a time when Sidney's boots were worn almost beyond repair, and she had no money to buy new ones. In the chilly, wet days of October, she kept him home from school, rather than risk his health.

Then Bumble, in the person of an officer of the London County Council, came along, and she was summoned for the child's non-attendance at his lessons.

Strange to the mother's ears was the evidence offered to the magistrate. The purchase of three penn'orth of pea-nuts was magnified by a woman teacher's imagination into a suspicion that the child was being taught to be a thief. Little Sid a thief? Little Sid, whose ambition was to be a Salvation Army Officer! Little Sid, who at Sunday-school lisped aloud a prayer that his father might be brought back home, so that he could have a daddy like other children! Little Sid, who, reading the story of the infant Jesus lying in a manger, turned to his mother with tears in his eyes and said, "I would have given Him my bed!" Little Sid a thief? Impossible!

But the mother's explanation that she had given him threepence from his money-box was ignored. An order was made that little Sid should be sent to a foster mother in the country. Where he is now she knows not, for they refuse to tell her.

So she sits and weeps for her boy, and little Leslie cries for his playmate, and Bumble goes stumbling along over breaking hearts.

When Cold Hearts Melt

EVERYTHING about a police court conspires to demoralise the unfortunate one who has crossed the frontiers of right-doing. Cold stone floors, cold iron dock, cold-hearted police. In its callous disregard of the humanities of its outlaws, the Law is cold—ice-cold.

But at Bow Street a gleam or two of the warmth of human kindness glanced gently athwart the coldness of the Court, giving it a strangely new aspect, as do the slanting beams of a wintry sun to the copper-gold leaves of the dying trees.

Before the Court sat, I noticed a middle-aged couple pass through into the mysterious rooms at the back, bearing a savoury-smelling breakfast on a tray. It was a touch of homeliness that was alien to this coldly callous place. And I wondered. . . .

Later, I understood.

With the Court in session, that devastating, demoralising coldness—that soul-crushing officialism so mechanically efficient — dominated the proceedings. And then suddenly the door opened and there stepped into the dock a daintily pretty girl whose neat brown costume matched her chestnut curls and fresh-complexioned face. But in her eyes was a sadness that shrieked its inappropriateness to her seventeen years. Sweet seventeen.

Ethel Price had allowed her youthful effervescence to carry her beyond the domain of legality. Youth wanted its adventure. And so Ethel took £15 of her employer's money, bought a portmanteau and her ticket to Brighton, and spent a glorious Christmas of freedom at a hotel by the sad sea waves.

But after journeying into the far country, the Prodigal Girl came to herself . . . "I will arise and go to my father and will say unto him: Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee." Her penitent confession had its sequel in the Bow Street dock.

In the witness box, a broken-hearted father pleaded with the magistrate for the wayward girl. "Give her back to me," he huskily entreated. Near me sat a woman in brown with a strained expression in the eyes—her tongue passed over her dry lips repeatedly.

Only once the girlish girl in the dock looked at this woman in brown. The girl smiled encouragingly. The woman's straining eyes never left the magistrate's face. But the stern-looking inspector intercepted the girl's smile. His face relaxed in a smiling reply . . . he has a seventeen-year old daughter at home, may be.

Then the magistrate and the lady missionary whispered. And that cold look faded from his eyes as the morning dew before the rising sun.

"You will be bound over and I hope and believe that you will not misbehave again."

It was a narrow escape from the coldness of a prison cell. A.

Greetings We Didn't Want

SOME official steps must be taken to prevent people of the type we deal with here from appealing to the public in the name of the blind, the lame and the crippled. Here we throw out a challenge and await its acceptance by the persons concerned—or by the authorities.

HENRY DUNSFORD, of 26, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C., is obviously not a very sensitive man. Since the war he has been connected with charities for disabled soldiers and sailors. Some of these charities have been struck off the register. Not one of them has realised its benevolent aims. For that reason we recently advised the public not to subscribe to any of his philanthropic enterprises.

He is not dismayed. Instead of sending us balance-sheets, he sends us a New Year card with his kind remembrance and best wishes, and also an extract from the *Daily Telegraph* boosting his match-selling schemes for disabled soldiers. He does not add that the extract was not an expression of opinion by the newspaper, but merely a paid advertisement.

Some time ago Dunsford went to Bristol to organise collections for the Disabled Soldiers and Sailors' Workshops' Association—one of his many schemes. He got the permission of the then Lord Mayor, and started his Bristol campaign with the aid of a man connected at the time with local ex-Servicemen's institutions, who acted as secretary to Dunsford.

Dunsford had wooden collection boxes made in the image of the Cenotaph and bearing a photograph of the King, Queen and the Prince of Wales, and these boxes were placed on hotel counters for public subscriptions.

Local people, misled by a statement that it was proposed to open a workshop in Bristol, subscribed their money. But they have had no satisfactory explanation as to what became of it, although three Flag Days were held. After complaints, the Lord Mayor held an inquiry, the police impounded the boxes, and several local people spent many hours giving evidence at the inquiry at the Council House into the workings of Dunsford's campaign.

Dunsford might explain this matter to us, if only on a postcard, instead of sending a greeting card. He might also explain what happened to the money collected at the flag days organised under his instructions.

He is still working his schemes from 26, Charing Cross Road, having now vacated his two offices in the High Holborn area.

Some time ago Dunsford made the acquaintance of a man named Bashame who has at times thought fit to use other names in connection with some very shady enterprises. This may have been necessary after a little incident that might, by punctilious people, be thought to have reflected upon his honour. He was arrested for fraud and sent to jail.

After that he did quite a number of things — was connected with Baroness T'Serclaes in an ill-fated charitable scheme called the Warrior Film Colony, in which the casualty list amongst the subscribers was heavy, and later founded a company which was to do wonderful things in the film world—but didn't.

From an office in Chancery Lane he was connected with Dunsford in selling for charity, without balance-sheets, portraits of the Royal Family at £3 3s. each, and from that worked his way up to founding a film journal called the *Shadow Stage*.

Bashame is intimately associated with a mysterious individual who describes himself as Anthony John Chalmers, and who blossomed forth last year with a so-called charity publication called the *Arena*. If this paper went out of action it was not for want of earnest effort by Chalmers. He praised the preposterous schemes of his friend Dunsford, but he criticised the British Legion, and he criticised the Victory Corps, after both these institutions had refused to advertise in his journal.

When the Victory Corps refused to advertise with him he wrote to H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught, Patron of the Corps, and advised her to look into this organisation—rather a dazzling piece of effrontery.

Lately Chalmers has been signing correspondence in the capacity of "Employment Director" of Dunsford's Match Industry. Dunsford is honouring local towns by appeals to them in connection with monetary support for his schemes. The Mayor of Newport declined to continue his patronage.

Other incidents of the kind have been a thorn in the side of Dunsford, but we are not gratified because he has decided to overlook them, and to send us a New Year greeting.

We would rather have balance-sheets, or an inquiry by the authorities, to show what has become of the money raised by all his various schemes for the crippled and disabled soldiers and sailors of the Great War.

We would be more impressed by this than by Dunsford's notepaper, even though it is expensively got up, and bears such names as Lt.-Col. P. C. Goodwyn, D.S.O. (General Secretary); Lt.-Col. T. H. Blew, D.S.O. (General Manager); Major C. G. Carlton (Headquarter Accountant); and Major A. Ferguson, M.C., who is described as the Scottish manager.

We hope we shall not have to wait long for an answer to these demands.

Winking at Wrong-doing

ONE need only pass in review the cases that come before the Courts to realise that there is far too much official blindness to wrong-doing.

Indeed, some crimes could not be committed at all but for the benevolent neutrality of State departments or their active assistance in throwing the cloak of respectability over the criminal. Undischarged bankrupts all over the country carry on business in defiance of the law, and they are able to conceal their real identity by registering a bogus name with a Government department which collects the fee and is apparently unconcerned about the fact that the registration is obviously designed to cover up a crime.

Then the Income Tax authorities step in, and take toll for the State, without seeming to care that they are making the Treasury receivers of stolen property. A case in point is that of the notorious rascal Pearson, who for many months successfully carried on the fraud of extorting large sums from ex-Service men whom he engaged as "travellers" for his wholesale grocery business.

The business was almost entirely fictitious, and the only object in establishing it was to enable Pearson to obtain from ex-officers their gratuities as security for their good faith while "employed" by him. At least twenty-six officers were swindled in this way.

He was at the time an undischarged bankrupt, having failed twice in Manchester. He was only in business because he registered it in the name of his six-year-old son, and the registration authorities and the Income Tax officials must have been aware of what was going on.

They never thought it worth while to warn the public about the character of the man and the nature of the business he was widely advertising.

Another case is that of the notorious Daniel Masango, a West African negro who descended on Yorkshire from nobody knows where, set up in business as a healer of all ills from blindness to cancer, using only the methods of the African Bush doctor who relies on cure by incantation, and for four years carried on in this way.

Then there is Cecil Davidson, an ex-convict from Africa, who lived for a time by his wits in the West End. His black record was known to the police, to whom he was continually reporting, but the man was allowed to take positions of trust in the West End where it was obvious that he had no object but robbery. Why in these and hundreds of other cases should the authorities be blind or wink at what is going on?

LONDON'S MIDNIGHT SHAME

by LENORE VAN DER VEER

Author of "Wayfarers," "Vine Leaves," "Where Ladders End," etc.

HERE is a grim and terrible story of a decent woman who found herself alone and destitute in London. The experiences of her one night spent as an outcast make pitiful reading, for it is an irony of our civilisation that there is shelter for the woman who has fallen and no roof for the lady of refinement! Why is no provision made for the destitute who have not sinned?

I HAD often wondered what must be the fate of the woman of refinement who found herself without money and without rooms adrift in London at night—when like a bolt from the blue this experience befell myself. The revelation came as a terrific shock. For not only does such a woman meet with rebuff on all sides, but she actually is rendered an outcast on the instant. Not a door is open to her—except the one leading to a "Rescue" shelter.

"I'll sleep in a dust-bin first," a girl declared to a policeman. And a Settlement worker told me on being questioned as to the sort of girl who applies for shelter: "I've never known a stranded girl of *any* class who *hadn't* gone wrong."

There you have the cold facts of life in relation to the penniless woman. The stranded girl in London, except she comes within the scope of the Travellers' Aid Society, finds herself between the devil and the deep sea. The devil gets the girl of spirit. Dust-bins prove dangerous alternatives.

Any girl has only to be without money and without a home for *one* night in London to discover that she has nothing offered her but the streets. The mills for turning her into the prostitute class grind her down as relentless as Fate, as pitiless as death. The pretence to the contrary of the Church, of the charities, of the institutions upheld by society, is the utmost hypocrisy. While as for men, let them hide their heads for shame—for all eternity.

* * *

Some days following my own terrible experience I took occasion to make certain enquiries upon the subject. One of them was to ask a Sister of Charity (a Sister at the head of a House of Charity) what she would do were a lady to come there at night, stating how she was without funds to pay for her night's lodging, and nowhere to go—would she take her in?

"Certainly not," she answered with decision. "I would send her on to the Blue Lamp" (a refuge). The last word here was added by an æsthetic-looking curate saying solemnly: "I think you will always find that there is some very good reason for a woman to let herself come down so low as this."

* * *

There you have our religious community focused from the dead-end of a woman's experience. The instant she stands stripped of her social trappings society dooms her to damnation. I know what I'm talking about. One night at the mercy of London made me the sworn enemy of society for ever. I could have defied its conventions, broken its laws, rifled its pockets, laid waste its institutions. All is one foul fabric of lies, deceits, hypocrisies, brutalities, indecencies.

* * *

From early evening to near midnight I wandered, weary and worn, through street after street, knocking at door after door, seeking a bed for the night; a bed for half-a-crown—all that was left to me. Not a door but was shut in my face, not an eye met mine but sought to cover me with confusion, to make my plight more hopeless still.

Eventually exhaustion caused me to spend most of my half-crown at the coffee-stalls come upon in my wanderings, so that in time I could no longer offer to pay even that much for my lodging, and determined to seek shelter in the Y.W.C.A., confident that they would take me in. They did not. In fact I got but brief hearing there.

After midnight I gave up trying to get in anywhere, and went wandering about seeking shelter from the wind—and to escape from the attentions of men; men whose very look was a profanation.

* * *

In time I asked a policeman if he could tell me of any place where a woman would be taken in for the night without the money to pay in advance. And he had to admit that he knew of no such place. He was frequently asked for such by both girls and women, and knew of nothing beyond the Rescue houses, which were hardly suitable for ladies. Some of the Shelters of the Salvation Army might make an exception and waive the question of money, but he wasn't sure.

In fact, of the several policemen of whom I enquired that night, not one of them could suggest anything beyond the infirmary, or a pew in St. Martin's Church, the doors of the latter, they assured me, being always open, and a welcome awaiting the weary wanderer.

* * *

The doors were not open, however, and no welcoming rays hastened the footsteps of the shelterless. In fact, at night the church is in charge of a policewoman, and the rules are to the effect that nobody is to be taken in for more than two nights.

The woman piloted me down to the crypt, where a sight met my eyes which was without parallel. In the gloom of a dimly lit, low-vaulted room furnished with long, pew-like seats, derelict men and women were resting in various postures of weariness and sleep—a sight pitiful in the extreme. I stood blankly looking round upon those huddled heaps of human wrecks—shocked, sickened, stupefied, then silently withdrew. The very foulness of the air must alone have driven me back upon the open night with expediency. It was a privilege after that.

Too weary to sleep, even had the opportunity been afforded me, too saddened to think or repine, I made slow way in the direction where lamps lining the Embankment marked the sweep of the river. In

MISS LENORE VAN DER VEER

the electric glare of Northumberland Avenue a trio of gilded young bucks about town, walking arm-in-arm, top-hats set at rakish angle and polished pumps a-glitter as they gyrated from side to side of the pavement, hiccoughing and chanting, called out as I slipped by them: "Hello, Katie! Give us a chance!"

* * *

After wandering about in the vicinity of the Embankment, where the seats, the stone steps and the parapet flanking the river were strewn with human wreckage, I grew so exhausted of body, and heavy of head, that I could hardly direct my footsteps or will my brain. Almost anything could have happened to me after that.

But mercifully I thought of a nearby railway station, where, following a sharp passage at arms with the sergeant in charge, I was allowed to stop in the ladies' waiting-room until morning.

To sleep was impossible, but to stretch the aching body on a seat was a pitiful relief, and to withdraw the bruised and battered consciousness from surface violence to within the calm of the inner sanctuary saved me from despair.

At six o'clock the whole station woke up and began to vibrate. Doors were flung wide, mats seized and dragged, pails rattled, brooms knocked and cracked, trucks rumbled, porters whistled, charwomen shouted greeting to one another, and trains began thundering in, making the vast structure tremble.

As I tidied myself at a row of marble basins, a weary-faced prostitute with sore eyelids came dragging in to wash and repaint herself.

"It was cold in the night," she said with a shudder.

"It was," I echoed with another, and she went draggingly out again.

"Always plenty of them about when they can slip in," remarked the loquacious attendant. "Some of 'em alive with vermin."

* * *

And now what is to be said of such a night? Is London—the home of more "Societies" than any other city in the world—to remain indifferent to the fact that the woman who hasn't the money to pay for her night's lodging on the spot, must either seek it beneath a roof for the "fallen" (God pity the term!), or walk the streets until she drops?

For such are the unvarnished truths of the case. That a hostel should exist where the woman of refinement could apply in an emergency, and others for the respectable lower class, is the most natural thing in a civilised State. But I doubt if such a place is to be found in *any* country. It would seem to be a law of Society to do nothing for a woman until after she has gone to the dogs. There was a meaning behind my discovery of the fact.

For that night it came to me that what I was being made to go through was not so much *my* affair as the affair of other women and girls for whom the morrow held no hope. With this realisation, the personal dropped from me and I saw it through to the end, knowing that never could it come again—to me.

Had it done so, the morrow would have found me dead by my own act, or lying so, not so much from exposure or exhaustion as from the crushing weight of despair of the human race. In fact a part of me died that night—the part that was wont to hope for a better humanity. Nor shall I know it more.

* * *

Like some unnatural mother that devours its young at birth, the human race is self-destructive, and nothing will ever make it any the less so. Most of us know by now that Christianity perished on the Cross nearly two thousand years ago, but few of us realise how little humanity is left in the human heart.

There is one class that does; and these are the outcasts. *They* know.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Ntorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To VISCOUNT ROTHERMERE,
Carmelite House.

MY LORD,—During the election of 1918 your brother, Lord Northcliffe, set aside a column each day in the *Daily Mail* for the exclusive use of the Labour Party. He did this because he believed the Labour cause was deserving of a fair hearing. Evidently you think otherwise, and are doing all in your power to blind the public with distorted facts, by giving support to the opinions of people as cranky as yourself. Such an attitude will recoil not only on the Conservative Party but on the nation. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS,
Postmaster-General.

SIR,—When you get five minutes to spare will you look into the starvation rate of wages paid to workers in the G.P.O.? A temporary porter at Mount Pleasant collapsed at his job. Medical examination showed that he was starving. His home had been sold to provide food for his wife and five children; his fellow workers have raised a fund to help him. I could supply you with other cases equally as bad. These men are servants of the State, and it is the duty of the State to see that they are not sweated. JOHN BULL.

To IAN HAY, Esq., C.B.E.,
Somewhere in U.S.A.

DEAR SIR,—It is to be hoped that you are enjoying your trip to the United States. But I am afraid your enjoyment will be marred by the news that your countrymen—and your countrywomen—are incensed at the version of one of your speeches that has reached this side. This makes you describe British girls as "a wild cocktail-drinking lot, for whom men have no respect or reverence." I seriously question whether one per cent. of the women of this *your* country have ever tasted a cocktail in their lives. To describe them as does this report is to perpetrate a foul libel on a fine set of loyal citizens. I cannot believe that you have been correctly reported.
JOHN BULL.

To JAS. DAVIS, Esq.,
Minister of Labour, U.S.A.

SIR,—You have been smart enough to appreciate that opinion is dead against your notorious Ellis Island. And now, thanks to your sanity and the protests of the British, Ellis Island will not become the Black Hole of America. You have made what should have been an obvious suggestion to men of ordinary intelligence, namely, that examination and selection of would-be immigrants should be made at the port of embarkation. For this gleam of real common-sense I thank you on behalf of all those who might have become future victims of the American Devil's Island. JOHN BULL.

To J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, Esq., M.P.,
Westminster.

SIR,—There is every reason to anticipate that you will be at the head of a Labour Government before long. I offer you welcome in advance, and can assure you of a fair field with no favour so that you can prove or disprove the critics. At this juncture I merely want to urge you to give early attention to the hundreds of evictions that are now pending, and to suggest that the present Rent Act must be amended in favour of the tenantry of the country. A short amending Bill repealing the clauses whereby eviction orders can be made against tenants without alternative accommodation being available will meet the case. I rely on you. JOHN BULL.

To J. S. ALFORD, Esq.,
President, Institute of Sanitary Engineers.

SIR,—In your presidential speech you preach the gospel of humane slaughter: reduce the length of life, and so give the living a better chance. In other words kill off the old so that the young can have a good time. It is the worst form of the pernicious doctrine of the survival of the fittest. Your horrible views are too cold-blooded to be taken seriously; and so in a fatherly manner I would remind you that you'll be old yourself one day JOHN BULL.

KEEPING 'EM GUESSING!

To the Rt.Hon. Sir MONTAGUE BARLOW, K.B.E.,
Minister of Labour.

SIR,—It would appear that the terrible tragedy at the Nunnery Colliery, Sheffield, when seven men lost their lives, might have been prevented if stricter watch had been kept on the rope which drew the train of trucks up the incline. I appeal to you in the name of humanity to tighten up pit administration. Inspectors must be kept close to their job. Human life is infinitely too precious to be squandered. JOHN BULL.

To Colonel J. D. E. COKE,
Chief Constable, W. Riding, Yorks.

SIR,—According to your annual report offences against women and children are on the increase. That is very bad news, although I had long suspected that such was the case. But I am glad to see that you subscribe to the policy that I have long advocated for the beasts that can perpetrate such offences—the cat. Our women and children must be shielded from the lust of bestial men. JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN OF THE BENCH,
Brighton.

SIR,—When a young clerk named White was before you, charged with stealing small sums from the petty cash of his firm, his employer made an impassioned appeal for leniency. "If I had had any gumption I should have checked White's books. If I had he would not have been in this position. I feel partly responsible." He gave White an excellent reference, but like Pharaoh of old you hardened your heart and sent White to three months' hard labour. Why could he not have been treated under the First Offenders Act?
JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. R. S. B. PROBY,
Rector of Hilperton, Wilts.

SIR,—If the sentiments you have expressed in a letter to your parishioners on unemployment may be taken as a sample of the principles you preach, I should think the less you open your mouth the better. You seem to think that most of the unemployed are rotters, and all you can suggest to those who are not is that they should offer to work ten hours a day for two-thirds of the minimum trade union wage. I have never heard of a more shameful suggestion. It amounts to this, that the hungrier a man is, the less you would give him to eat. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. E. F. L. WOOD, M.P.,
Minister of Education.

SIR,—The latest instance of tyranny concerns the Hampshire Educational Committee who have given sixty Drayton children notice to quit Cosham Council School because the Portsmouth Education Committee wants the premises. And so the poor kiddies have to redistribute themselves among the schools of three other villages. At the same time, the Committee have graciously undertaken to provide conveyances for the children between five and seven years—the others can trudge through the muddy country lanes. You really ought to bring the Education Committee hard up against the fact that their function is to provide convenient facilities for all children—even village kiddies. JOHN BULL.

To A. MACKENZIE LIVINGSTONE, Esq., M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—When your friends of the National Liberal Club arranged a dinner in honour of your return to Parliament you declined to accept the invitation on account of the distress prevailing among your constituents in the Western Isles of Scotland. You said that "it would be unchristian" to allow yourself to be entertained. You made this gesture of sympathy more practical by suggesting that the money should be sent to the Provost of Stornoway for alleviating distress—it amounted to £135. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

OUR GREAT TRIUMPH

A Turnip-headed Ghost

A NEW bogey has been provided for Lord Rothermere by certain gentlemen in the city of London in whom a dislike of the Labour Party outweighs all sense of honour and fair play.

They are deliberately endeavouring to engineer a financial panic. The Rothermere Plot Press gleefully hails the first signs of the panic as the result of the mere threat of a Labour Government.

Already certain foolish people, terrified by this obvious turnip-headed ghost, have turned their British securities into American dollars.

This is exactly what the plotters and schemers want. They hope to see the small investor panic stricken, disposing of his small securities, depressing the value of stocks, and throwing the market into confusion.

Then they will point triumphantly to the chaos and blame the Labour Party for it. It is an old game. It was done in America when the possibility of a Roosevelt Anti-Trust Administration became a real danger.

Unscrupulous financiers engineered a panic on Wall Street, and misled by a lying Press thousands of small investors were ruined.

The Labour Party, if given fair play, will take office and carry on in a constitutional manner.

Only the thoughtless will be deceived by the comic antics of interested financiers and newspaper lords.

Nobble Them

OUR profiteers would be an amusing crowd if their comedy did not have such a serious effect on the purses of the public.

In the scramble to get rich quickly they have so far forgotten themselves as to enter an argument to decide which one of them is scooping the pool.

From the middleman down to the retailer the blame is shuttle-cocked to and fro until the woman who holds the purse-strings, and who has to pay the piper, is somewhat bewildered.

All that she knows is that goods, foodstuffs and fuel are leaving the producers at approximately the same price as they did a few months ago, yet the retail prices have increased.

The average citizen does not have the time, nor the opportunity, to find out exactly who the culprits are. He prefers to leave such matters to Members of Parliament whom he elects to look after the country's interests.

Prices of commodities are of vital importance, and we warn whatever Party comes into power that it will be expected to nobble the purse robbers at the earliest possible moment.

A Quarter of a Million Increase

SINCE last January 234,097 more people are buying "John Bull" every week, and the figures are still rising! Here is a journalistic record of which we—and our readers—may well be proud.

NO fewer than 822,087 people bought *and paid for* the last issue of JOHN BULL published in 1923, and this in spite of the dislocation brought about by the General Election and the festive season.

The net sales for the *first* issue published that year, dated January 6, 1923, were 587,990. This wonderful increase in circulation *within one year* constitutes a journalistic record for any periodical.

It means that JOHN BULL now has by far the largest *net sales* of any weekly periodical published at the same price throughout the World, surely a striking vindication of the policy we have consistently pursued: "For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth."

This certificate gives the actual net sales for every week during 1923, and the progress has been steady and consistent throughout the year.

The Directors, Odhams Press Ltd.,

Dear Sirs,—We have examined the Company's accounts and records relating to the undermentioned issues of JOHN BULL, and certify that the net sales (exclusive of all free copies), after deducting returns received during the week of each issue, were as set out below:

Jan.	6, 1923	-	587,990	July	7, 1923	-	830,197
"	13	-	594,344	"	14	-	821,320
"	20	-	616,122	"	21	-	821,528
"	27	-	621,238	"	28	-	804,543
Feb.	3	-	640,870	Aug.	4	-	808,524
"	10	-	668,496	"	11	-	800,611
"	17	-	679,343	"	18	-	787,428
"	24	-	685,834	"	25	-	778,998
Mar.	3	-	691,539	Sept.	1	-	779,429
"	10	-	706,503	"	8	-	800,041
"	17	-	713,377	"	15	-	790,582
"	24	-	749,658	"	22	-	795,781
"	31	-	754,158	"	29	-	792,696
Apr.	7	-	773,344	Oct.	6	-	800,045
"	14	-	776,160	"	13	-	803,977
"	21	-	784,463	"	20	-	796,920
"	28	-	792,611	"	27	-	797,409
May	5	-	794,923	Nov.	3	-	810,490
"	12	-	796,427	"	10	-	809,995
"	19	-	798,132	"	17	-	812,376
"	26	-	815,832	"	24	-	822,971
June	2	-	818,177	Dec.	1	-	818,104
"	9	-	820,426	"	8	-	812,248
"	16	-	805,810	"	15	-	812,654
"	23	-	792,864	"	22	-	814,790
"	30	-	810,416	"	29	-	822,037

(Signed) FRANKLIN WILD & CO.,
MARWICK MITCHELL & CO., Chartered Accountants,
London, 3rd January, 1924.

We believe definitely in the sound common-sense of the average man and woman. We do *not* believe that the public desires to put its thinking out—to allow the Press to do it.

Our policy is to expose the hollowness of many of the views expressed on the platform and in the Press; to place *all* the facts before our readers, and to help them to think for themselves and to form their own opinions.

We have been, and still are, firmly convinced that the public possesses a very distinct and definite idea of what it wants in journalism as in most other things, and the guaranteed figures given in this certificate makes it evident that we have gone a long way towards supplying that want. We read them as a vote of confidence—a mandate to continue on the lines we have laid down.

Legal Murders

THOSE who oppose capital punishment do so on two grounds — legal and moral. And their arguments are put forward with such superficial sanity, supported by occasional concrete instances, that we feel that a Royal Commission should be appointed to investigate the existing law.

The arguments against the death penalty on legal grounds are that in the case of a fiendish murder, hanging is too light a punishment; that penal servitude for life—a living death—is a more adequate sentence; that innocent persons have been hanged and so robbed of the chance of belated justice.

On the moral grounds it is urged that hanging has not been proved to be a deterrent; that no one has any moral right to take the life of another; that the idea that one man's death will atone for another's—that "two wrongs make a right"—is a relic of jungle ethics.

Add to these objections the awful responsibility of confirming or cancelling the death sentence placed in the hands of the Home Secretary, and we feel that sufficient is adduced for at least a reconsideration of the whole question. Whenever human interest is aroused in any particular murder, human sympathy reveals itself in thousands of signatures to a petition for reprieve. There is evidently much public antagonism to capital punishment.

Train the Child

EVERY year 650,000 boys and girls are, at the age of fourteen, thrown on an already glutted labour market. Only a microscopically small percentage of these are fitted for skilled labour, and the result is that the out-of-work army assumes ghastly proportions. As the daily output of child-labour from the schools is nearly 2,000 *every day*—including General Election and Governmental transition periods—it is obvious that any delay in facing and solving the problem is dangerous.

To alleviate the problem we suggest that children at the age of fourteen should be transferred to a training institute until they are sixteen, and taught a trade or profession.

This will give the labour market two years to adjust itself, minimise the "blind-alley" entrants and ensure a ready flow of fully instructed labour.

It will be found quicker to cleanse the labour-stream from the pollution of unemployment at its source. Unskilled child-labour is one of the chief causes of industrial unrest.

Is there enough statesmanship left in the discredited governing class to tackle the problem on sane lines?

A Tonic for the Gloomy

by A. G. GARDINER

EVER since Malthus startled the world, more than a hundred years ago, with his theory of over-population, gloomy people in every clime have continued to broadcast his fallacious theories. The latest victim of the scare is the "Gloomy Dean" himself. In this article, Mr. Gardiner examines the facts, and arrives at the only conclusion justified by logic and experience.

Dean Inge, who has earned for his pessimistic self the name of "The Gloomy Dean."

A CORRESPONDENT sends me a panic-stricken article on the subject of over-population of the sort with which we are now so familiar and asks me what I have to say about it. The first thing I have to say is that this is a part of the birth-control propaganda. I am not hostile to birth-control. I believe that the quality of life is more important than the quantity of life, and that it is wrong to bring children into the world beyond the reasonable means of providing for their health, comfort, and well-being.

But it seems to me dishonest, in order to promote this end, to raise a scare about over-population. It is an ancient bogey, and it is a little singular that it usually comes clothed in ecclesiastical raiment. Just as it is Dean Inge who gives us no rest on the subject to-day, so it was the Rev. T. R. Malthus who disturbed the world a century and more ago with the idea that we were not going to have enough bread to fill our mouths.

THE population of the world then was not more than half what it is to-day, and the indisputable fact is that the sixteen hundred million mouths that have to be fed now have more to put in each of them than the eight hundred and thirty millions in 1800.

Taking the world as a whole, and putting the temporary dislocation caused by the war out of account, the peoples of the earth are better fed, better clothed and even better housed than they have been in all history.

The fact is that the over-population bogey rests on a false doctrine. It is the doctrine that "population has a tendency to increase faster than food." It is not true. It is much nearer the truth to say that food tends to increase faster than population. It has certainly done so in the past century.

Contrast the appalling condition of the French peasantry in the eighteenth century as revealed in Arthur Young's Travels with the condition of the more than doubled population of France to-day, and the fact is indisputable. I take France because it has always been a self-sustaining country. It starved with twenty million mouths and has now abundance for forty millions—*from the same land.*

WE happen to live in the most densely populated part of the world's surface—over 700 to the square mile—but we grow 60 per cent. of our food, and Kropotkin in his "Fields, Factories and Workshops" claimed that with intensive culture we could feed eighty millions of people from our own soil. That may be an extravagant estimate, and personally I have no desire to see eighty millions of people in this country. I daresay with only twenty millions of people it would be a nicer country than it is.

But that is not the point. The point is whether these alarmist cries about over-population are true. They are grotesquely untrue. You have only to compare the 700 to the square mile in this country with the general facts of the world to see how untrue. Take the latest figures available as to the distribution of population in the world:

	Population.	No. to square mile.
Europe	405,759,000	106
Asia	918,324,000	58
Africa	126,734,000	11
America	149,944,000	9
Oceania	5,881,000	1.7

The world over-populated when in that vast country of Australia there are not two people where we have 700, and in America there are not ten where we have 700! Why, the food resources of the world have hardly begun to be realised. Irrigation, machinery, science can double and treble the supply of food if it is required.

Moreover, the idea that the increase of population is getting out of hand is an absolute myth. *The increase of population is not due to the rising birth-rate, but to the falling death-rate.* We are all living longer. Why? Because we have more food and better conditions of life. Actually the birth-rate is *falling in every country in Europe.*

FROM 1861 to 1870 the birth-rate in this country was 36 per 1,000 of the population. In 1900 it had fallen to 29. In 1922 it was 20.7. But as the birth-rate has fallen so has the death-rate. Between 1861 and 1904 it fell from 24 per 1,000 to 17. (*In* 1914 *it was down to* 14.) In other words, between 1861 and 1904 births declined by 19 per cent., *but deaths declined by* 28 *per cent.*

Our growth of population is not due to an increasing birth-rate, but to the high birth-rate of thirty and forty years ago, coupled with the low death-rate of the last twenty years. The conclusion is obvious. The low birth-rate of to-day will in the future be reflected first in a stationary and then in a decreasing total population, as in the case of France, which led the movement in sterility.

Not many years ago the panic-mongers, led by Roosevelt, were all crying out against "race suicide." To-day they are telling us that there is not "race suicide" enough. Both panics are equally baseless. Population ebbs and flows according to laws of its own. There are plenty of remediable evils in the world to occupy us fruitfully without lying awake at night thinking about the population question.

LET me repeat that I am not here attacking birth-control. That, as I have shown, has already reduced our births by 20 per cent. It is true that it operates among the intellectuals rather than among the working-classes, as these figures, giving the number of children per equal number of married couples, show:

Teachers	95	Policemen ..	153
Nonconformist Ministers ..	96	Postmen ..	159
		Carmen	207
Church of Eng. Clergy	101	Dockers	231
		Miners	258
Doctors	103	Labourers ..	438
Writers	104		

That is not a pleasant table. Brain workers are producing too few and labourers too many.

But that is another matter. What I set out to show was that the over-population panic is bunkum. This old earth is still able to supply all the needs of all its children—there is plenty to go round if it is distributed fairly.

While Parties haggle over the gold of office, the country is losing its life-blood.

The Millstone Ro

Sir Edwin Stockton, who says the National Debt must be reduced.

TIME was, in the Great War days of stress and peril, when it might have been said of the British people, as Macaulay said of the heroic Romans "in the brave days of old," that none was for a party, but all were for the State. At that crisis of our national fate, all men were "like brothers"; and all would have agreed with cheery readiness, when the State spared "nor limb nor life," that it should "spare neither land nor gold."

But, alas! our come-day-go-day-God-send-Sunday political bunglers missed the opportunity and obvious duty of conscripting wealth when they conscripted men. Afterwards, as they "waxed hot in faction," in honour we waxed cold—with the result that to-day there hangs round the nation's neck a monstrous millstone of war debt, strangling trade, crushing industry, and paralysing the native instincts of enterprise.

Of course we know that this egregious blunder will never be repeated: if ever the calamity of war visits this isle again, something a little more like equality of sacrifice will assuredly be enforced, and those whose wealth is to be protected will at least bear the cost of arming and maintaining those others who venture their lives in its defence. But if ever that dread time comes, how are we to face its daily charges while carrying the weight of a million pounds a day as interest on the undischarged cost of the previous war?

We should begin with a handicap which must threaten ruin from the start. In the haste and frenzied bustle of preparing for the fray, we would be bound to devise some sudden, desperate way of releasing ourselves from the burden. Would it not be wiser and safer if, instead of waiting for that breathless emergency, we applied ourselves to think out a reasoned, deliberate plan while we have breath to discuss it?

The Labour Party have suggested a Capital Levy. Mr. Keynes, the Liberal, in his "Tract on Monetary Reform," calls this "the scientific expedient," "the rational, deliberate method," and declares that "if the accretions of vested usury were to grow without mitigation for many

From Paradise to Queer Street

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

IF we trust ourselves to the Labour Party, says our contributor, we may find ourselves not in Paradise but in Queer Street. He challenges the leaders of the Labour Party to say whether Socialism is possible without conscription of Labour—which means an end of human liberty.

MANY friends of mine voted for Labour at the last Election. One of them told me that in his opinion the Manifesto of the Labour Party was the only political document before the nation which seemed to be aware of the existence of moral idealism.

Let me confess that I can imagine few appointments more likely to benefit the whole future of our race than the suggested appointment of Lord Haldane as Labour's first Minister for Education. Let me confess, too, my admiration for the moral idealism which breathes through the Manifesto of the Labour Party and which unquestionably inspires the energies of Labour's best leaders. Yet, sick as I am of the present paralysis in our national life, I oppose Labour, for I am entirely convinced that the road on which it travels towards moral idealism is a road which must infallibly end in the morass of a servile State.

LET us look this matter in the face. The Labour Party directs all its scorn and indignation against a thing it calls Capitalism. Capitalism is the enemy. The sufferings of the working-classes, the wickedness of the Great War, the chaos and confusion of the economic world, all are ascribed to the machinations of Capitalism. Get rid of this monster and life would become an idyll. The revolution to which we are invited is not one of physical force, but of economics. We are to conceive of trade and commerce as unselfishly existing for the public service, delivered ever more from the curse of existing basely for dividends.

But what is Capitalism? It is a synonym for Individualism. Capital is the thrift of many individuals. Get rid of Capital and you get rid of much virtue and all genius. No place for the exceptional man could be found in a machine invented and controlled for the advantage of mediocrity. He at once becomes the enemy. All his superior ideas for improvement would be knocked on the head as treachery. You would have the average second-rate man in charge, not only of trade and commerce, but of life; and to the average second-rate man nothing in the world is so dangerous as the unrest of genius.

I SHOULD most heartily welcome the advent of the Labour Party to power if its leaders would boldly and honestly repudiate the economic theories of Socialism. I believe the Labour Party can make a substantial contribution to the happiness of mankind. I feel that its influence in the State would be a healthy influence. But so long as it toys with the economics of Socialism it will be regarded either with suspicion or alarm by many who earnestly desire the happiness of the masses. Socialism is fatal to its power for good. I will explain what I mean.

Individualism is the soul of history, and it is also the triumph of history. It was not the first state of political society, but the last. Man began his existence in tribes, and was for long æons as much a servant of the tribe as the bee is the servant of the hive. Feudalism was a form of socialism. The Papacy was a form of socialism. All militarism is a form of socialism. The German Empire was pre-eminently a form of socialism. First of all the countries of the world England saw the moral dignity and the solid material advantage of individualism, and up to this time, relying on individualism, she has led mankind in all those things which conduce to a higher ethical standard, and a greater domestic comfort. The Socialist does not ask us to go forward to an unimaginable future, but to slide back to a known and exhausted past.

Lord Haldane, who would, no doubt, be an adviser to a Labour Administration.

It is because I believe that the exceptional man working in conjunction with a confident Capitalism may revolutionise human life by the inventions of his genius—shortening the hours of mechanical toil, lightening the hard work of women in the home, and multiplying the joys and pleasures of the human mind, that I oppose myself to the socialistic masters of Labour.

Bound to those dull and dreary masters, and committed to the ruinous economic doctrines of Socialism, the Labour Party must first of all shake the ancient pillars of our national life to their foundation, and afterwards, if its power still survive the wreck, condemn British life to the servitude of a grinding and uneventful mediocrity. We should resemble the inhabitants of a prison—or a lunatic asylum; some would be inmates, and the others warders.

THE first question which the individual has the right to put to the leaders of Labour concerns his personal liberty. Can Socialism exist without conscription of labour? Is it possible under a Socialistic government for a man to throw up one job and seek another, or for a youth to choose his own trade or profession? Are these things possible under Socialism? Yes or No. If they are not, human liberty is at an end. And with what advantage? Is the dustman who works for a municipality happier than the skilled mechanic who works for Lord Pirrie, or the postman who works for the State than the maker of chocolate who works for Mr. Cadbury? At present both dustman and postman can throw up their jobs if they want to; all that Socialism could do for them, at any rate, would be to take away this liberty: would they be any happier? What is the great advantage of changing the enterprising manufacturer as our master for a board of officials sitting in Whitehall? An increase of wages? But will the State guarantee high wages? Certainty of employment? But can the State compel foreign countries to buy our manufactures? Everything in Socialism supposes two miracles—genius in a board of officials, and a market for all the things those officials order us to make in the State factories.

MORAL idealism of this order is aspiration run to seed like a bolted lettuce. We dare not trust it with the fortunes of the British Empire. A false step and we may find ourselves not in Paradise but in Queer Street. Let us rigorously cross-examine these glib prophets of Millennium before we entrust them with our liberties and our self-respect.

Let these ideas be presented to British democracy, and let there be a straight fight between Individualism and Socialism, and who can believe that the sturdy and independent people of Great Britain would vote away their right to stand alone for the ignominy of manning a servile State?

Round Our Neck

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

generations, half the population would be no better than slaves of the other half." Sir Edwin Stockton, a Conservative ex-M.P. for the Exchange Division of Manchester, and a former President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, says that "a growing volume of opinion is for ever anxiously examining all potential prospects of decreasing the existing debt charges, and thus reducing the burden of taxation which weighs so heavily on our efforts to re-create our national prosperity." He therefore advises the Conservative Party to consider the advisability of increasing the already enormous Death Duties.

Thus we have members of all three Parties in the State agreed in admitting the seriousness of our financial plight, and in urging that "something should be done about it." The next step surely is to seek out a committee of honest experts who should tell us what that "something" should be. If I were a partisan, imbued with the common partisan idea that all who fail to see eye to eye with me in politics must be fools or rogues, I could feel no hope of agreement or of relief in the suggestion.

But being convinced that the majority of men and women in all classes of society love their country and its people, I firmly believe that if the right and just way were pointed out to them, they would follow it as bravely as they followed the flag in the much greater sacrifice of the war.

There are a few muddle-headed wasters and shiftless shirkers amongst our workers. There are pitifully squealing profiteer millionaires, the glitter of whose riches serves only to draw attention to the meanness of their souls. But these are not typical representatives of our brave, shrewd, just, fair-dealing, and kindly race.

The evil is there, ominously glaring in the sight of all: skilled artisans rusting in idleness; vast masses of the best workers of the world losing the knack and habit of labour; thousands of our heftiest wielders of lathe and plough banished overseas; poverty and wretchedness sacking the homes of the unemployed and sapping their moral fibre; industry stagnant; agriculture moribund; the State exposed to dire possibilities of disaster.

Who but a muck-worm or a traitor would grudge to give of his best to cure this cancer? All we want to do right is to be assured of the right way; and that assurance should come, not from any party but from an advisory council of experts representing the best brains of the nation.

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SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

IN the days when the brothers Geddes were busy in Whitehall, a certain gentleman who was more of a wit than a theologian asked the question: "What is the plural of God?" This was felt to be a bit of a conundrum and everyone gave it up. Whereupon the questioner gave the answer in a word—"Geddes!"

Certainly the brothers exercised considerable influence. Eric put Auckland rather in the shade because he is of that big, blustering type beloved of journalists and the man in the street. He has what may be called an expansive personality. But Auckland is of finer calibre. The things which Eric achieves by the blow of an axe, Auckland contrives by the pressing of a button.

THE retiring ambassador has a quiet way with him. Though suave he is not oily. He gets things done in an oven, companionable sort of fashion; but he has never descended to that peculiarly modern art of greasing wheels that ought to be scrapped. Throughout his career he has managed to retain the character of a born professor, and this has enabled him to assume authority with the utmost ease. The mantle of an ambassador descended upon his shoulders as comfortably and naturally as ever it did upon someone trained for the job.

It is the privilege of the schoolmaster, the commanding officer and the ambassador to lecture both individuals and crowds while preserving a due regard for the foibles of caste and creed. Auckland Geddes has done this with extraordinary success. His audiences have never taken offence; they have been chastened and inspirited.

HIS natural reserve and studied courtesy, even when he has been forced to speak out, have stood him in excellent stead at Washington. The Americans love a moderate man, and his most candid utterances have been carefully tuned to the proper key.

It would be difficult, almost impossible, to suggest any serious shortcomings in a man of his easy, equable and conciliatory temperament. Perhaps the only obvious fault in his intellectual make-up is timidity. I mean that he is too conciliatory, too easy-going, too anxious to avoid friction. Admirable qualities, no doubt, in an ambassador, but in a world where everybody shouts at everybody else from the house-top, a little plain speaking from a man of his understanding would be welcome.

HIS knowledge is extensive and, on some matters, profound. He can lecture University professors on education without making a fool of himself.

He can talk to doctors about medicine and make them wonder what he is doing outside Harley Street. He can hold the attention of economists and send them flying to their books of reference. He can even discuss military tactics with eminent generals and cause them to reconsider their considered opinions.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Auckland Geddes

No wonder the Americans realise he is not an ordinary ambassador. No wonder he was saluted by warships in New York harbour when he came home on leave last summer!

WE cannot afford to lose him. He has some weighty opinions on the present state of international finance that will be valuable. Only he must drop the ambassadorial manner and let us hear him, full-tongued, from the house-top.

The Last Thing to Pray For

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

AS the elephant said when he found the toy nutmeg-grater at the bottom of the bran-pie, "We are coming to something at last!" If anybody had told us ten years ago that we should live to see the term "duffer" applied to a lady by a newspaper which rather boasts of its feminine "interest," we might have ventured to differ. Yet the thing has been done.

"According to the authorities of some of the women's colleges," observes the newspaper in question, "statistics show that the number of marriages among those who win the highest degrees is much smaller than among the duffers." I can believe statistics sometimes, but I don't like "duffers."

FOR what is a "duffer"? Of course you might think from the foregoing statement that a duffer is a slip of rose-bud femininity who goes to college, and instead of touching for a high degree, manages to acquire a husband. In the nearest dictionary, however, I discover this definition:

Duffer: A dull-witted or clumsy person; especially one who discharges his duties in an incompetent, perfunctory, or inefficient manner.

You will note that the dictionary chap says "his" duties, not "her"—thereby helping to prove our point.

T. W. H. C. has been licensed to say whatever he likes upon any subject he chooses. If sometimes he steps on people's corns the blame will be his—not ours.

HAVING registered our humble protest in regard to this vital matter, we may conveniently address ourselves to the beautiful main question: Is it true that women possessed of high degrees, or in other words parchment certificates for brainy-ness, find themselves handicapped in the ancient and antediluvian business of love, courtship and marriage—and if so, why?

Statistics, as compiled by the women's colleges, say that it is true, but when it comes to why and wherefore they remain silent, which, naturally, gives those who "know" a fine chance to explain.

One of the very knowledgable ones—herself a brainy woman—explains as follows:

Clever women spend hard years of labour developing their brain cells in the study and their muscles on the hockey field. Yet they cut off their hair because they are too indolent to care for it, and affront the æsthetic sense of their neighbours by the coarseness of their stockings and the absurdity of their hats.

WELL, I am acquainted with a lady M.D. who wears what everybody admits to be extremely captivating toques; I am acquainted with a lady LL.D. whose headgear is a dream, and I am acquainted with a frump whose ditto appears to have been modelled on a badger's nest. And the frump has no degrees, and doesn't want any.

So that from my point of view the hat argument won't wash. Neither will the hair argument. How many of the "bobbed" have been to any other college but a dancing academy?

THE plain facts are that the male person looking for "the mixed blessing," otherwise matrimony, fights shy of the certificated high-brow female, not because he is frightened of either her hats, her hair, or her stockings, but because he is frightened of her learning.

Man happens to be a diffident creature. He couldn't find it in his heart to say, "Damme, cold mutton again!" to a woman who very nearly knocked spots off the senior wrangler of her year. Learning makes even women critical, and a really accomplished "critic on the hearth" is the last thing to pray for.

NOTORIOUS MEDIUM UNMASKED

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY (*Author of "An Amazing Seance," etc.*)

ASTOUNDING disclosures in regard to a recent séance have been brought to light. Their publication is bound to create a sensation in spiritualistic circles, and will certainly shake the faith of the multitude of believers who are intent to follow without question the pronouncements of their self-appointed leaders.

Mr. Sydney Moseley.

READERS will recall that a good deal of controversy was aroused by the description of a séance which appeared in JOHN BULL under the heading of "My Talks with 'Dead' Men."

In it I told at length how the "voices" of the late Will Crooks, Dan Leno, Dr. Ellis Powell, George R. Sims, my mother, and others, spoke to me by direct voice, that is, through a trumpet, at a séance held in a little room in St. Martin's Lane.

What happened in that top-floor room I described faithfully, but when it came to expressing an opinion this is what I said: "I have to confess that I did not accept this voice as belonging to my mother. I could not, therefore, bring myself to respond in the manner of a spiritualist . . . I remained untouched."

I stated then, that if this were a trick it was a most outrageous, sacrilegious and caddish thing to do. Finally, I wrote, "I am not convinced that the voices I heard belonged to any of the persons represented by them. *Whose voices were they?*"

Our disclosures this week may suggest an answer to some of these questions.

• • •

The question whether the séance was genuine or not aroused tremendous interest on the part of those who have been following our investigations, and at the same time it drew forth a lengthy letter of protest from the medium's sponsor, a Mr. Saunders, and a note from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, through whose instrumentality I had been able to obtain this sitting.

Finally, it was agreed by the medium and Mr. Saunders that a test séance should be held. A date was tentatively arranged. My colleague from JOHN BULL, who accompanied me, suggested that a séance should be held at his house in order to lessen the chances of possible confederates who might be lurking in other rooms.

Next day the medium's sponsor stated the medium could not turn up at the date suggested, and he has not been able to turn up since.

Apparently there was some good reason why the medium changed his mind about the test séance. Is it surprising, then, that my colleague had begun to wonder if the delay was really due to the failure of the medium to find out something about his private affairs with which the "spirits" could confound him?

All this humbugging aroused my suspicions, and I have been making enquiries. The results are startling.

• • •

I find that the medium, whose frankness and honesty we were asked to accept as a condition of the sitting, has had an interesting past. Hitherto, I have kept his identity secret. I should be lacking in duty to my readers, however, if I did not now tear the veil from this remarkable specimen of spiritualistic medium, and put the public in full possession of the facts.

About a year ago Frederick Tansley Munnings, 47, described as a boarding-house keeper of Hastings, was charged at the Surrey quarter sessions with housebreaking and burglary, and with stealing a vase and other articles to the value of £50.

This "mischievous medium of low order," as Munnings has been described by spiritualists, pleaded guilty to the first count and not guilty to the second.

It appears that Munnings had given a sitting to a lady interested in

F. T. MUNNINGS
(*The Exposed Medium*)

spiritualism, and she afterwards attended two or three séances with Munnings.

Some time afterwards, returning home, the lady found her house in a state of great disorder. The beds appeared to have been slept in by an intruder, who had removed a large quantity of china, crockery and antiques. The lady complained to the police and detectives caught Munnings red-handed entering the house with a key. He offered a slight resistance, but surrendered.

Munnings was once upon a time the licensee of a public-house at Poplar, and was afterwards Chairman of the Poplar Board of Guardians, and Secretary of the Poplar Municipal Alliance and Ratepayers' Association.

According to the officer who read out Munnings' record in Court, in June, 1917, Munnings was bound over for stealing a bicycle at Bournemouth, and in August, 1921, he was arrested at Poplar for obtaining and attempting to obtain money by false pretences. Afterwards he discovered he was a medium and gave trumpet séances all over the country.

In a statement which Munnings handed in to the police he stated that his profession having gone for the time being his people were suffering considerably financially. He had always tried to prove himself a good citizen.

Nevertheless, Sir Charles Walpole, the Chairman of the Bench, in sentencing Munnings to nine months' hard labour, remarked: "You appear to have conducted a variety of systems of defrauding your neighbours, and you have taken up this spiritualistic stunt, as we may call it, but you don't seem to have succeeded in defrauding the spiritualist fraternity, who describe you as 'a mischievous medium of low order.' I think that describes you."

• • •

Imagine my consternation when I now find that the soft-voiced purring person who was put forward by leading spiritualists as a fit and proper medium for a great test, is no other than Munnings himself.

All the doubts which I expressed at the time came back to me treble-fold. Every word he uttered, every explanation he gave now seems to have come from a crafty and cunning brain.

I demand an explanation from him at once, or I warn him matters will not be allowed to rest where they are at present.

I must frankly confess that I am bitterly incensed with those who recommended me to sit with this audacious fraud.

Did Sir Arthur Conan Doyle know of the character of the medium to whom he recommended me? If not, these pretty details may shock him as they have shocked me.

But I have reason to know that Munnings' sponsors knew something of his past since they took great care to keep the medium's name secret and hinted that his morals might not be beyond reproach.

I certainly did not imagine that that meant anything so grave as the misdemeanours which I have now exposed. Munnings at the séance I attended was paid his "expenses," Mr. Saunders making quite a point of it.

I gather that the "fees" or "expenses" obtained by Munnings are by no means inconsiderable, and since he gives these séances very frequently he must make a fairly good income out of it.

Munnings has been in the habit of advertising himself as the greatest living medium the world has ever known, but it is due to the public now to know Munnings in his true colours.

• • •

In fairness to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle I wish to make it clear that he told me he had never sat with this medium, and that therefore he could give no personal guarantee for him, but he declared in a letter to me that he had heard from good sources that the medium was "genuine and strong."

But I remember that Sir Arthur similarly stated to me that the Hope Circle of Spirit photography was "beyond all doubt genuine." Is it? It seems to me that wherever one turns for real help in this question something shady can always be found if one can manage to penetrate the surface.

Since my exposure of William Hope I have received further evidence in the form of personal testimony from Mr. Harry Price, F.R.N.S., and member of the Society for Psychical Research, etc. In his detailed report of his sitting with the charmer of Crewe, Mr. Price bears out every word, every doubt I uttered about this leading spiritualist. When he sat with Hope, he took his own plates and actually saw Hope substituting them in the dark room.

One of the plates when developed, was found to have a spirit extra on it, but it was not the plate that was specially prepared by Mr. Price. That séance was arranged as a result of a visit to the much criticised College of Psychic Science by a Mrs. B. M'Kenzie, who took care to inform Mr. Price that the fee for non-members was two guineas.

• • •

In fact, spiritualism, as I have discovered in the course of my investigation, is inseparable from fees, and yet hypocrites affect to despise the generous offer of JOHN BULL for £100 for a genuine spirit photograph test and £100 for a genuine trumpet séance test as being materialistic!

They prefer to give sittings to guileless, broken-hearted mothers, rather than to a mixed body of scientists and spiritualists who cannot so easily be imposed upon. Even the two young Welsh miners whom I first brought to London have been made the centre of a commercial séance—special rates of admission—at Miss Stead's bureau in Baker Street.

The genuine spiritualist will understand, therefore, that I may decide to abandon my investigations for the time being, and I shall do so more in sorrow than in anger.

• • •

Spiritualism has had a very fair chance, but all the evidence that the leading spiritualists have had to offer has badly let down the whole case of genuine psychical phenomena.

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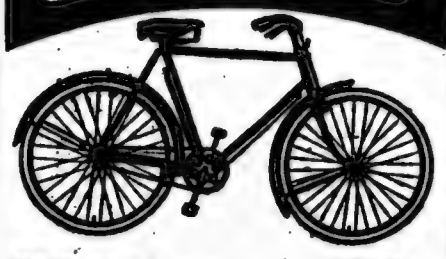

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Human Documents

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Mother and Babies

"I am twenty-nine and living with an old school friend, as a paying guest. She is married and has two darling children. Recently her affection for me seems to have developed very much, so much indeed that I am getting anxious. When I try to interest her in her children, she shows no enthusiasm. She says they are too young to make companions of.

"This seems to me a curious state of affairs, for her babies—young as they are—adore her. She takes no interest in their toys, games or books, unless I am with them.

"Just lately I have noticed that they begin to turn to me, and that their affection for their mother is gradually taking second place. I am passionately fond of children, but naturally have no wish to usurp her place.

"The only thing I can think of is to leave their very comfortable home. I am manageress in the grocery department of a large store in this town and am consequently entitled to a discount on goods purchased. She buys everything in my name and, of course, reaps a benefit. This was a great help when her husband was unemployed some months ago. He is now in permanent work and things are beginning to straighten out, but if I leave them expenses will be heavier at once.

"What shall I do, leave her to regain her babies' love and friendship—and perhaps neglect her home by striving to meet the extra expenses?"

"Humanist" says:—*I think you are worrying unnecessarily. Stay by your friend; it is not for you to judge the intimacy of her affection for her children.*

Romance and a Chauffeur

"SHOULD a girl who belongs to a wealthy family choose a husband from a class lower than that of her own? That is the question which is causing me a good deal of worry, for I am not only fortunate enough to be considered very wealthy, but I have a daughter who has bestowed her affection on one of my servants.

"Six months ago I took into my service a new chauffeur from the town near by my own home. Before engaging him I took the greatest precaution to ensure that he was of sound character, and in making my investigations I found out full particulars of his family who, I discovered, all belong to the artisan class.

"Unfortunately, this young man is gifted with remarkably good looks, and this has wrought mischief with the heart of my only girl, who has fallen desperately in love with him. She has, however, been sensible enough to confide fully in me, and both she and her lover have asked for my consent to their immediate engagement and marriage in six months' time.

"The chauffeur is a thoroughly honest, clean-living fellow, but there are great disadvantages sure to accrue from the match. Besides being practically penniless, he lacks education. His company will be tabooed in the future, I know, by our own class, and I can see them both living in a state of miserable isolation. Perhaps, too, the fascination of to-day will wear off after marriage, and then their misery will be complete. Money does not enter into the matter, for they will inherit ample means."

"Humanist" says:—*Poverty is in this case no bar. Education can be acquired. Snobbishness can be ignored. Send your daughter away for a year. If she is of the same mind when she returns, let her marry the man and give them your blessing and a good start in life.*

A Face from the Dead

"BEFORE the war my sister married a man who turned out to be a complete rotter. He ill-treated her, was untrue to her in every sense of the word, and finally deserted her. Since that time nothing has been definitely heard of him, but from news which we received during hostilities we came to the conclusion that he had met his death at the front, for a friend of ours felt sure that he recognised him in a company which was wiped out in Delville Wood.

"Now I am a business man connected with the rubber industry of the Malay Archipelago. On my last trip to Singapore I was horrified to recognise in a crowd my one-time brother-in-law. I feel almost certain it was he, although the glimpse I got was a fleeting one.

"My sister, being fully convinced that her husband is dead, has long ago recovered her old spirits, good health and youthful appearance which her husband's treatment caused her to lose. She has become engaged to a former lover, a splendid fellow who will make her very happy, I am sure.

"What am I to do? I am not absolutely convinced that the scoundrel is alive, although I am afraid there should be no such doubt. I hate to ruin my sister's present happiness by telling her of my suspicions; yet if I let her commit bigamy it will plunge her still further into despair when her legal partner makes his appearance."

"Humanist" says:—*You omit one important point. Was your sister's husband reported "Missing, believed killed" by the War Office? If so, your sister is justified in marrying again. If not, she must wait until you have taken steps to find out who was the man you saw in Singapore. Any other course would not be fair to either her present fiancé, herself or her future children.*

The Coloured Briton

"DOCTORS assert that race-colour can be transmitted from ancestor to descendant several generations removed. I am a victim of this unfortunate phenomenon of Nature, for in outward appearance I am like a negro.

"My ill-fortune has arisen from the fact that my great-grandfather on my mother's side was a negro from West Africa. The rest of my forebears are white people who have, to my knowledge, never been out of Yorkshire.

"My character, my sympathies, my education, yea, every drop of my blood is British, yet I am doomed to the ostracism and contempt which is an essential consequence of the possession of thick lips, curly hair and a black skin. The girl with whom I am desperately in love shuns my company; the few companions who deign to give me their friendship treat me with the levity they would a coon from Florida. And all this is the harder because of the sensitive character which I am doomed to carry through the world.

"It is true I could obtain the boon companionship of women of a certain type—for I am not without money—but qualms which perhaps I should be better without prevent me from resorting to such expedients. Advice I have never asked of anyone before, but if you think you can help me I should be pleased to consider your suggestions."

"Humanist" says: *I cannot change the facts of Nature. Perhaps you will find a wife who sympathises with you, and the colour quality will probably not again appear in your progeny. It is usually worked out in three or four generations. Don't worry about what you cannot alter.*

A Missing Heiress

"TWO years ago my wife, whom I had always treated well, ran away with a married man, leaving me with two young children to look after. I have asked her twice to come back, but she refuses.

"A little while ago I discovered that she had been left a large sum of money by an uncle who had not seen her for years. The executors do not know where she is and cannot trace her, as she is living under an assumed name.

"Humanist, I hate the thought of her and that man receiving any help through me. Between them they have ruined my life. Am I not justified in remaining a 'dog in the manger'? The executors do not know that I have her address."

"Humanist" says:—*In the Bible you may read, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay." It would be difficult to think ill of you if you concealed your knowledge. But by revealing it you would show true greatness of mind.*

Her Best Friend.

"My wife died two months ago, and my wife's mother says I ought to hand my daughter, aged 5, over to her to look after. I do not want to let the child go, but I will if it would be better for her. What do you advise?"

Keep her if you can look after her properly. Your words prove that you are the best friend she has.

Mother or Husband?

"My mother is afflicted with an incurable disease and I am her sole support. My fiancé says he cannot wait much longer to marry me. Must I give up my own happiness for my mother's sake?"

Can you not marry and have your mother to live with you? Perhaps she could help in the house so that you could keep your work until times are better.

A Mistaken Vocation.

"I am about to be ordained as a Minister. For three years I have loved a girl, who lives near me, in a way which the Church frowns on. What shall I do, go on, or try for some other job?"

Evidently you regard the Church only as a career. Equally evidently, it is a career you are not fitted for. Marry the girl and find some other way of earning a living.

A Devil's Disciple.

"A friend of mine in a bookmaker's office has suggested I should become his accomplice in a safe scheme for 'wangling' winnings out of his employer. He says cheating a bookmaker is not really cheating at all. Is he right?"

No. Cheating is cheating, always. Bookmaking is as honest a business as banking, when properly conducted.

Test Him.

"My sister is a firm believer in spiritualism and gives all her money to a so-called medium for demonstrations. How can I stop her?"

Your sister has a right to spend her own money as she pleases. But ask the medium to submit to a test séance. If this is refused, your sister may change her mind.

Gambling Mad.

"My son is a born gambler. Every penny he has he wastes on horses and cards. He has just been promoted at his work, and now handles a lot of money daily. Should I warn his employer?"

A gambler is not necessarily a thief, as you seem to think. Warn your son of the dangers of temptation and let him fight his own battles.

The Poor Boy's Chance.

"My people are very poor. I am being supplied with money by a rich medical man who is training me to become a doctor. But I can't go on accepting charity and my people, who are independent in mind, tell me to stop."

You are entitled to go on. You can pay your benefactor back in the future. The independence of your people should not be used to bar you from a career.

Politics and Business.

"My employer, a manufacturer of silk jumpers, has asked all his employees to sign a tariff reform petition being got up locally. I am a Free Trader, but do not want to lose my job. Should I sign?"

I should advise you to be straight with your employer, and express to him the hope that you will not suffer for your opinions. You ought not to. This is the twentieth, not the fifteenth, century.

The Lame Dog.

"My husband has brought a male friend, out of work, into our home. I do not think this man is trying to find work. Ought I to keep him indefinitely? We are not well off."

It is unwise of you to restrict your husband's kindly hospitality. Try to emulate his generosity. Men are often more simple than women, but don't be in a hurry to assume that a good husband is a fool.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Stock Men *v.* Stockman

by HARRISON OWEN

STANDING in the dock tying knots in a piece of red-tape, Sir Stewart Stockman, Chief Veterinary Officer of the Ministry of Agriculture, pleaded "Not guilty" of exceeding the speed limit in the slaughtering of stock in districts affected by foot-and-mouth disease, or of neglecting properly to examine less costly methods of coping with the disease.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that since August last foot-and-mouth disease had appeared in forty-one counties in Great Britain, and a total of over 120,000 animals had been slaughtered by the order of the Ministry of Agriculture. "I put these figures before the jury at the very outset," continued counsel, "so that they may understand the seriousness of the position. The disease itself is sufficiently serious, but the methods pursued by the Ministry are positively devastating, alike from the standpoint of farmers and from that of taxpayers, who will have to provide about £2,000,000 compensation for the stock destroyed. There is a widespread impression that departmental red-tape is hindering the suppression of the disease by methods less costly and less revolting. Experts have urged that it is possible to cure without killing, but the Ministry seems to regard anyone opposed to the policy as a crank.

ONLY a department hedged about with red-tape could have treated Dr. John Shaw, the well-known cancer specialist, in the manner he will describe in the witness-box. Dr. Shaw is the discoverer of a remedy which has done wonders in preventing the loss of cattle in Switzerland, and which was brought under the notice of the Ministry two years ago, but was studiously ignored. Shortly before Christmas Dr. Shaw called at the Ministry for the third time in a month, but without result. He then put into writing an offer to devote himself to the treatment, prophylactic and curative, of any area of infection which the Ministry would entrust to him, but he received no reply, and it looks as if he might go on waiting till the cows come home, or have been efficiently exterminated.

Mr. Strawsplitter said that his client was a busy man, and neither he nor his officers could be expected to give attention to every crank who called with a plain or fancy remedy for foot-and-mouth disease.

The department was well aware that the disease was curable, for various preventive serums and vaccines had formerly been prepared in Government laboratories. This, however, was no longer done.

A verdict of "Guilty" having been returned, Mr. Justice Bull remarked that in this matter the cure (that was to say, the kill) might easily prove worse than the disease, even assuming that killing was a cure, which appeared exceedingly doubtful. In 1922 a similar policy of frightfulness was pursued, but this had not prevented the present much more serious outbreak.

"What has the Ministry been doing since the 1922 epidemic?" demanded Mr. Justice Bull. "When not killing cattle, do officials content themselves with killing time? The treatment accorded Dr. Shaw is very disturbing. As obstinate determination to regard all outsiders as 'cranks' is one of the worst forms of crankiness, I would commend to the notice of these bureaucrats the maxim, 'Better Shaw than sorry.'

"As I do not wish to embarrass the Ministry, the prisoner will merely be bound over; but facilities must be provided for testing recommended by outside experts."

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"PICTORIAL MAGAZINE":—"His EYES were SWINGING ABOUT as though he expected or hoped for assistance from somewhere."

"CAMBRIA DAILY LEADER":—"Alderman —— suggested that the reduction should be deferred until FEBRUARY 31st."

"KINEMA COMIC":—"An hour later the *Merchantaria* passed UP the Thames and MADE FOR THE OPEN SEA."

"EASTERN EVENING NEWS":—"Seasonable presents were also handed out for the old-age pensioners of the village. It was stated that there are 2 of them and that their COMBINED AGES reach 1902 years."

"THE ROCKET":—"His feet were secured . . . then the gagging sacking was lifted from his HAND, and he was ABLE TO LOOK ROUND."

"WATFORD OBSERVER":—"Harrow Weald Bowling Club enjoyed a creditable record, having WON 24 matches OUT OF 22 PLAYED."

"GRAND MAGAZINE":—"'You see,' she said, SMILING UP AT HIM FROM HER HEELS, 'you can't take your typist out to dinner without impairing office discipline.'"

"BLUE MAGAZINE":—"For the first time for months he felt his MOUTH expand in a laugh as he SWUNG IT ELBOW HIGH."

"SHEFFIELD MAIL":—"He was found by a policeman early this morning with his FACE slashed from the top of his head TO HIS SHIN."

"SPORTS BUDGET":—"Jack's FACE set hard as he PLACED IT IN HIS POCKET and went in to tell Henry of what had taken place."

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

Thro' space so vast they now broadcast
That Kaffirs can enjoy,
On Afric's plains the soothing strains
Of bands at our Savoy.

Each ardent swain her hand to gain
May press his own proposal,
But for her part she keeps her heart
Still at her own disposal.

Soon as the winter winds prevail
And winter nights are freezing,
King Coal puts up his prices scale
And starts his profit squeezing.

With Darling in the House of Lords,
The place won't be so dismal.
A wit so fine is sure to shine
In dullness so abysmal.

The Baron of "Lloyd's" says—
No wonder their Telegraphic Address is "GENEROUS."

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Looking Forward to Lincoln

Some Sound Advice for Brown, Smith, Jones and Robinson

HOPE springs eternal in the human breast. It is probable that fifty million and fifty-five people are hoping to bring off the Lincoln-National double. It is possible that the odd fifty-five will get their hope. Obviously the Lincoln and the Grand National are races to be left severely alone.

The best good Deed for To-day is to tell our friends, Brown and Smith, Jones and Robinson, that they will be well advised to leave the Lincoln alone.

Point out the futility of their selections and advise them to wait until "racing settles down." After that we can turn to the entries for ourselves with a clear conscience. Interesting, aren't they?

What will Epinard Get?

I did not expect to see Epinard in the nominations. He is bound to be at the head of the handicap with a prohibitive weight—probably about 9 st. 6 lb.—but if his sporting owner has the courage to send him over, instead of going all out for the Gold Cup, he is sure to have plenty of backers. It should not be forgotten that the French won the Lincoln with Ob, both in 1906 and 1907.

Weights on January 24.

The weights will be out shortly, and the animals I want to see well-handicapped are Condover, Noce d'Argent, Morestel—in preference to Jarvie—Sir Greysteel and Soval. I do not think White Bud will win again, nor do I fear last year's fiasco, Tons of Money, but with the memory of the past four years before me, Furious, 33 to 1; Soranus, 33 to 1; Granely, 20 to 1; and White Bud, 66 to 1, it is unwise to prophesy now.

This Week's Racing.

And now for matters of the moment. This week we have two days jumping at Tenby and two at Lovely Lingfield—not quite so lovely in January. I think that winners should be easy to find at Tenby as fields are always small. Prices are likewise cramped, but I cannot assist you in this direction. I should follow the fortunes of D. Harrison and Hastings at Tenby. These stables invariably send out a few winners. At Lingfield Poole and Bennett will probably capture several events, as usual, but if Spittle sends any horses from Wantage they should not be missed.

I have looked through the programme and think the following should show a profit backed each way:

BUBBLY	MASTER ROBERT
SUNDROP	PRIDE OF MANISTER
IRISH EAGLE	NONENTITY

My Jumpers to Follow.

I have just glanced at my jumpers to follow in a recent issue of JOHN BULL, and I find the result highly satisfactory. The following horses, to which I drew attention, have won at the first time of asking. Sans Peche (8-1), Tim (8-1), Brother Bill (9-4), Pride of Manister (6-4), Savernake (6-4) and Golden Fleece (4-5). Tara Hill was third at 100-8, and What Luck third. The others noted have not yet run. Not a bad little batch for one number of JOHN BULL.

War on the "Boys."

I am very glad to see that the racecourse owners propose to wage war on the "Boys" by forming a "police" to protect race-goers. During 1923 several very ugly incidents took place at meetings and on race trains, and the affair at Alexandra Park, when bottles, knuckle-dusters, and revolvers were brought into the argument, was a little too thick to be pleasant. The new force will keep an eye on the gangs of hooligans who always frequent the meetings, and generally look after the welfare of the race-goers.

Naturally they will be able to do this much better than a local police force which only sees the roughs once or twice a year.

Wootton and the National.

Frank Wootton is riding as well as ever he did, and I always feel confident that I am getting a good run for my money when he is on "one of mine." Frank is very keen on riding the Grand National winner this year. It would be some consolation for his bad luck in the Derby, a race he never won.

The Champion Jockey.

F. B. Rees, sixty-four; J. Hogan, Jnr., sixty-three; Captain Bennet, sixty-two. F. B. Rees is to be heartily congratulated for heading the Jumping Jockeys Championship for 1923. His performance was a splendid one, but it must be said that he had all the luck that was going. If Hogan and Captain Bennet had not met with accidents late in the season, I think the end would have been different.

"Sporting Chat."

While I am on the subject of the Jumping Jockeys' Championship I think you will be interested to learn that the enterprising little paper, *Sporting Chat*, is offering a weekly prize of £25 for estimating the leaders up to each Saturday night. The *Sporting Life* publishes the figures daily, so that competitors have a guide in making their estimates, and the result as published in "The Life" every Monday decides the contest.

Rose Prince at 50 to 1.

Every day *Sporting Chat* codes in newspapers covering the whole country the two best selections for the day. Besides this, you obtain the latest gossip from club and course, the early and late advice on all big races, and a free wire every Saturday, if desired, containing the two best for the day. In early September it coded Rose Prince for the Cesarewitch and sent the selection outright up to the day of the race. Rose Prince was 50 to 1 when first coded.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, North Star, Sheffield Early Bird, Leeds Mercury, Glasgow Noon Record, Glasgow Daily Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Plymouth Sports Post, Liverpool E. Express, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, Irish Independent and *Irish News*.

L	F	P	K	M	I	00	G	B	
7	3	C	Q	T	Z	2	X	U	
V	S	MM	LL	D	A	R	E		
N	Y	3	8	O	J	W	H		

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below, as the case may be.

M R H U D W H would read THE BORE.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from January 9 to January 15, inclusive.

PADDOCK PARS.

Coulthwaite sent out ten horses at Manchester. His only winner was Stuff Gown at 4 to 1 on. What's the matter, Tom?

Mr. H. A. Brown is recovering from his Wolverhampton accident and has discarded his crutches. He hopes to win the National on The Boro.

Mr. S. Cohen parted with Noce d'Argent to Stanley Wootton. He was a wise man to buy the horse back. Noce d'Argent is this season's best.

Arduous has won five races within twenty-one days. This shows the absurdity of the "Maiden at Closing" race, where an animal winning a number of races after closing date only incurs the one seven pound penalty.

The conditions of this type of race should be revised.

1924 did not open auspiciously for punters. January 1st and 2nd at Manchester provided only two favourites. I trust this is not an omen.

I hear that Craigangower, one of Captain Cuttle's Derby victims, he ran third, has been sold to go to Kentucky. Lucky fellow.

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Clarkia.—Put up a splendid fight at Wolverhampton and was unlucky to be beaten by Potheen—a red-hot favourite. He made amends at Haydock and will win again shortly.

Keramcoos.—This gelding is going to win plenty of races. He missed a number of tempting engagements before running second to Tedney and he has missed another since. Back him each way whenever seen out.

Formidable.—A recruit who has come on by leaps and bounds. He beat a big fair-average field at Kempton in fine style and can go on winning.

Dark Dragon.—Keep your eye on this one next time he is seen out in a race for amateur riders. He was fighting Rockmeadow all the way at Cheltenham.

Southend and Mr. Madcap—The dead-heaters for second place in the Victory Chase at Manchester. Their performance speaks for itself and they should never be allowed to run loose.

Dr. Barney.—This fellow has come over from Ireland and is in the hands of Major Doyle. He is one to back first time out. His Irish form is not bad. He won last year from a field of sixteen and later ran third to the famous Ugly Duckling.

Blacking.—Was going splendidly at Dunstall, in the race wonby Friar Denis, until he was brought down. He is one to make a note of on your cuff.

Assaroe.—This gelding was not second best to Phantom Charley at Manchester, but he is just coming into form and put up a fine fight. If he is seen out in the next week or two he is a safe each way investment.

Glastonbury.—A recruit who, so far has only run once this season. He went well in the race won by Perahara at Newbury. Glastonbury was very speedy on the flat and is almost certain to win a race or two.

Bedelia.—Was sold to Mrs. G. Bennett after running second to Yorick. In her previous outing she was beaten a head and a short head by Atholhampton and Friar Denis. She will win soon.

Attaboy.—This gelding is in Piggott's well managed stable. He is in first-class condition and should be backed each way next time he goes.

Perisheen.—Will most likely win again very soon. In my opinion his best distance is two miles and a half and I should prefer to back him in a race of this description.

Chin Chin.—The son of Santoi can still go at a rare old bat and I thought he was unlucky to lose to Gem at Newbury. His blunder at the last fence but one cost him the race. He will soon make amends.

"SILVER RING."

Second Round Probables

Review of the Week's Big English Cup-ties

THE first round of the English Cup arrives at the moment interest in the League games is flagging a little. I daresay that this week-end there will be very nearly three-quarters of a million people at the thirty-two ties, and all the old scenes of enthusiasm.

Last week I gave full selections for the round, and all that is further necessary now is a few words on the more important matches, and some reasons for the results I shall anticipate.

Job for Sheffield United.

Blackpool, who were first out of the bag, together with Sheffield United, will, I think, force a replay. They have an excellent home record, and recently the United have made two or three slips which is the lot of the best of teams. Both sides have a good line of forwards, and I shall not be surprised if each gets a couple of goals.

The next really attractive game in the draw as it was made is Millwall versus West Bromwich Albion.

The London lot did quite well during the holidays, and for the time being the directors have ceased broadcasting for a new attack.

The Albion are a "funny" side; they are either brilliant or else far from it, and their chance chiefly depends on what mood their forwards are in.

I cannot see the Millwall defence keeping the visiting forwards out altogether, so the Midlanders get my vote.

Leicester for a Draw.

One of the hardest games will be at Sheffield, where The Wednesday entertain Leicester City. There is not much difference in the League record of these clubs.

My first impression was that this tie would end in a draw, and I see no reason to come to any other conclusion, especially as the City play as well on other grounds as on their own.

Oldham Athletic will do well to stop Sunderland winning at Oldham, and I do not think they are capable of it.

The Athletic are an improving team, but the Sunderland attack is so strong that it is inconceivable that Sunderland will not score at least twice.

Chance of Huddersfield.

Huddersfield are one of the favourites for the Cup, and they ought to win their home game with Birmingham. It may not be a certainty, but they are stronger all round and much more reliable. If Birmingham are able to draw they will do better than I expect.

The Arsenal hope to beat Luton, but they recognise that the Third Division team must not be under-rated.

In ties of this description the alleged inferior side frequently score first, and when they do, they become inspired.

Quite another interesting tie is that at Barnsley.

Brighton are a nicely balanced team, and are playing with so much confidence that they will make the Yorkshiremen go all the way. Barnsley may just win.

Holders at Hull.

Everton are a fifty per cent. better team this season than last, and if they touch their best form they should beat Preston North End at Goodison Park.

Still, the North End are not so bad as their League record indicates, and I shall differ from the other experts and predict a draw.

Bolton Wanderers look good enough to win at Hull. They are probably a better side than when they won the Cup last April, and Hull, on the contrary, appear to be moderate enough.

"Saints" not Frightened.

Chelsea will have to produce something in advance of their recent displays to beat Southampton, who have a Cup-fighting tradition, and they won't go to Stamford Bridge frightened. A big, heavy team, Southampton will give the smaller Chelsea men a gruelling game, even if the latter may just about scrape through.

Notts County to Win.

I did not think much of Queen's Park Rangers when I saw them recently, but there were a couple of reserves in the side, and no doubt they can play a lot better.

Still, I shall take Notts County to beat them, especially if the inside men of the Rangers keep the ball close.

A Tip for the 'Spurs

London's best matches, unfortunately, are in the same district. I refer to the Palace versus Tottenham Hotspur, and the Corinthians against Blackburn Rovers.

I am prepared to see the 'Spurs depart from their customary classic style and sling the ball about a bit more.

The close game will not pay them on the uneven Selhurst surface. I think the Palace too weak at half-back to stop the 'Spurs scoring, and the North Londoners have my vote.

Famous Cup Fighters.

At the Crystal Palace the Corinthians may not survive the first round.

They have been experimenting with a view to discovering their best team, and have done some training, but I think the Rovers, who are showing much better form this season will win, if they can prevent the amateurs scoring twice in the opening burst they are sure to make.

We Were First.

My appeal to the Football Association seriously to tackle foul play and impose more severe sentences has, I notice, gained support elsewhere.

I was the first to point out that dirty work on the field was not only increasing but that the penalties were being evaded.

My contemporary remarks: "The F.A. has bags of money and should spend some of it on sending commissioners to League matches with instructions to fully report on undesirable incidents."

This is exactly what I suggested in a recent issue. Foul play is more rife than ever it was, and it is time a real attempt was made to stop it.

Everton's Leader.

Jack Cock lost his old form in his later days with Chelsea, but since going to Everton he has been the dashing centre forward we knew directly after the war.

Cock's football career opened with the Old Kingstonians, and afterwards he assisted Brentford as an amateur. But his rapid development meant professionalism sooner or later, and Huddersfield got his signature.

Then came the war, in which Cock served with much distinction, and an offer to Huddersfield from Chelsea of £2,500 led to Cock changing his colours For some time he did well as the leader of Chelsea's attack, and he was wise to make a move when he found himself playing below his form.

Cock a year or two back deservedly gained international representation. He has played against Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and in that famous Scotland v. England match at Sheffield in 1920, when nine goals were scored, Cock was one of the many who served up some brilliant football.

He is perhaps more of the thrustful than the skilful type. He is not a particularly clever dribbler, but he has both speed and weight, and his dashes for goal want a lot of stopping. On his day there are few finer marksmen.

Still but twenty-nine years of age, Cock is in his prime, and looks good for several seasons yet. He can sing well, and is a brother of Donald Cock, who leads the Notts County attack.

Aggravating.

Notts County may get a little more support when they cut out their policy of deliberately putting their opponents off-side.

A game in which I recently saw them was reduced to a farce by these tactics, which for purposes of retaliation were also adopted by the other side, and which will continue to be exploited until the offside rule is changed.

The public pay to see football, and not a game of chess with the players as the pawns.

The wonder to me is that crowds stand it so mildly when their Saturday afternoons are wasted by backs who adopt the line of least resistance.

Goal Kicks.

Bury have found a most promising inside forward in Matthews.

I hear Davies, the Portsmouth half-back, is likely to get his Welsh cap this season.

Chelsea are on the look-out for a new inside right.

FORECASTS FOR JAN. 19.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. I.

Home Winners.

*Birmingham, Blackburn R., *Bolton W., *Everton, *Huddersfield, *Manchester City, Sunderland, *Tottenham, West Bromwich.

Away Winners.

*Cardiff.

Draw.

Notts County v. Preston N.E.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. II.

Home Winners.

*Blackpool, Bristol C., Coventry, *Derby County, Hull City, Wednesday, *Southampton, *Stoke.

Away Winners.

Leicester City, *Oldham Athletic.

Draw.

*Fulham v. Manchester United.

THIRD DIVISION—SOUTHERN.

Home Winners.

*Charlton, *Newport, *Northampton, *Norwich, Plymouth A., *Swansea, Swindon.

Away Winners.

*Portsmouth, *Brighton.

Draws.

*Watford v. Millwall, Gillingham v. Luton.

THIRD DIVISION—NORTHERN.

Home Winners.

*Barrow, Bradford, *Chesterfield, *Darlington, Doncaster, Lincoln, *Rochdale, Rotherham, Tranmere R., *Wigan.

Away Winners.

*Wolverhampton Wanderers.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Home Winners.

*Celtic, *Dundee, Hibernians, *Motherwell, *St. Mirren.

Away Winners.

*Rangers, Aridrieonians, *Hearts.

Draws.

*Partick T. v. Raith R., Queen's Park v. Morton.

(For coupon purposes, nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

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J.B.

WHAT TO EAT, AND HOW.

The Importance of the Digestion.

Easy to get, hard to get rid of; that is what most sufferers think of dyspepsia. They have been eating hurriedly and irregularly for a long time, but they supposed their stomachs were quite used to that. Why should their stomachs fail all at once and make them restless and sleepless and faint and dizzy?

Many people know by experience that the strength which the weak stomach needs, and for the lack of which the whole body is suffering, can be found surely and quickly in Dr. Williams' pink pills. In hundreds of cases of indigestion and dyspepsia these pills have proved effective where other remedies have failed. The reason is that Dr. Williams' pink pills make new rich blood which strengthens the digestive organs and enables them to perform their work. The appetite returns, the nerves are steadied and the whole system toned up.

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From your chemist get 1 oz. of Parmint (Double Strength), take this home and add to it one half-pint of hot water and four ounces of sugar or two dessert-spoonfuls of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessert-spoonful four times a day. When double strength Parmint is taken in this way it clings to your throat as you swallow and there it spreads itself in a soothing, healing film over the sore inflamed membranes and brings quick relief. It is truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm and you get a good night's restful sleep.

A real persistent, obstinate, clinging cough will not yield to the old slower-acting remedies, yet thousands testify that Parmint brought them immediate relief after everything else had failed. Anyone who has coughed all day and all night until they have worn themselves out can appreciate a splendid treatment like this.

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Our Letter Parliament

Should Men Kiss their Wives?

Our Readers Air Their Views on this and Other Topics

Married Sweethearts.

There is much more in your recent article, "The Man Who Kissed His Wife," than might appear. Mr. A. M. Thompson has got right down to the root-cause of so much unhappiness and so many squabblings and divorces. If more men would take his advice—and more wives—and play sweethearts *after* marriage as well as before, much of the present matrimonial discord would disappear. Wives, hold up your heads for that kiss, and Men—kiss!—*Still Happy, Glasgow.*

Where the Road Begins.

I, too, believe that husbands should kiss their wives, and that the relations after marriage should run on as similar lines as possible to those in the happy courtship days. A word of love to the wife now and then, or a little phrase of praise to the husband, works wonders. Men need encouragement, and women need love. Together they should be able to help each other. Too often romance ends when the words "I will" are whispered. And it ought only to be beginning.—*Mrs. Hilda Pears, Southport.*

Glimpses of Heaven.

Never has there been anything written more truthful than Alex. M. Thompson's words, "The man who kisses his wife every day will come as near to heaven as he is ever likely to." To a woman a man's compliment is like the gentle rain on the parched ground, and to a man after a hard day's work a woman's gentle smile is a priceless tonic. When a man thinks his wife can do without the little attentions, and when his wife shows she does not need them, all is lost. —*S. Gray, Glasgow.*

Happy All the Day.

The article by A. M. Thompson, "The Man Who Kissed His Wife," must strike home to every married couple. He is perfectly right, and husbands should know that wives love a little praise now and again. Nine wives out of every ten worship their husbands, and a loving word or a kiss is enough to make them happy all day. Also, it makes up for all the pleasures a mother has to give up on account of the babies. Let every married man think of his wife and home. There would be no greater happiness to ask.—*Married, Canterbury.*

Hearth and Home.

The article on "The Man Who Kissed His Wife" is as practical as it is delightful. If married couples would take to heart the lessons here given, there would be fewer marriage failures and fewer divorces. When hearth and home are made the centre of attraction, instead of man and wife each going their own way, then married life invariably reaches the consummation of highest happiness. When the preservation of the sanctity of home comes to be regarded as a duty of paramount importance this will be a better country. —*H. H. S., Oldham.*

The Love Thief.

Your correspondent strikes a true note when he brings up the subject of the "love thief," who enters into and wrecks many a happy home. I would go a step further than his suggestion, especially in the case of the "love thief" of the unmarried girl, who alone has to stand all the agony and shame after the thief has partaken of his booty. When she stands in the criminal dock to answer for the crime of taking the life of the newly born in her despair and desperation, alongside of her should stand he who has stolen and then walked out into the night.—"*Sauce for the Goose.*"

Is Your Heart All Right?

Regarding this article by "A Gentleman with the Duster," it is quite evident that he is prejudiced against the second largest party in the State and terrified with the possibility of this party coming into power, and therefore indulges in the abuse of its personalities, including David Kirkwood.

Men like David Kirkwood pay no heed to "parliamentary etiquette," but fight for the uplift and welfare of humanity. If David Kirkwood is a "stormy member," may there come after such a breeze that will inspire even men like "A Gentleman" to throw in his lot to help these to provide the masses with a higher and fuller life.

"A Gentleman" says, "No man is born free." Of course not, Man is "free," says Rousseau, to free himself from his chains of evil conditions. As it is material conditions brought about by the present system that prevents Freedom finding its best expression, why is it that "A Gentleman" is hindering the work of men like Kirkwood, to improve the condition of the masses, so that they shall be free in the true sense?—*David H. Thomas, Pantyffynnon, S. Wales.*

Was the Man to Blame?

At an inquest on a young lady who had committed suicide as the result of a broken engagement, the coroner told the man concerned that he was "morally responsible" for her death. But was the coroner not overstepping the limits of his duty? A broken engagement is surely to be preferred to a possible existence of domestic unhappiness.—"*Query,*" *Derby.*

Luring the Lonely.

In London and other great cities there are thousands of lonely women who crave in vain for the society of their fellows. Some are tempted by the advertisements offering easy means of forming honourable friendships, and believe that the "clubs" or "circles" responsible for these advertisments are in a position to guarantee the *bona-fides* of all persons on their lists. As one who has had painful personal experience may I warn the lonely ones? Lonely girls will be well advised to have nothing to do with these fee-snatching agencies of vice.—*M. A., Maida Vale.*

We wrote to JOHN BULL about it!

"I want to thank you for the interest you have taken in my case, and your kindness. I wrote to the solicitors offering to accept the sum you advised and in two days I heard from them agreeing."—Mrs. A. R.

"I must thank you for writing to the —— Co. for me. On Saturday morning I received the goods from them."—Mrs. W. H.

"Please accept best thanks for your kind reply to my query. I felt sure I could rely on your assistance and advice."—J. H.

"It seems to be wonderful how soon you got this case settled, because I have been writing to the P.I.O. and the local office since Nov., 1922."—H. G.

Game Birds.

It is high time some move was made to bury for ever the antiquated Gaming Act. On paper it is law, but in the eyes of an intelligent race of sportsmen it is farcical comedy. Surely we have one sporting M.P. who could be prevailed upon to make a move in the right direction? Unless some drastic alteration is made in our betting laws, we will have to waive our claim to be a sporting nation.—*J. H., Liverpool.*

Put Them in Chains?

Though not an advocate for prohibition, I do think that there should be some agreeable and logical method whereby those who have little or no self-control can be prevented from drinking to excess. Those who drink alcholic liquors must admit that it is against all common sense to take drink after drink, as thousands upon thousands do, for no earthly reason whatsoever; making of homes that would otherwise be happy—a hell! —*Harold E. McDonnell, Highbury, N. 7.*

Seats for Shop Girls.

In reply to your correspondent "Young shop girl, Glasgow," may I point out that her complaint is provided for by the "Seats for Shop Assistants Act, 1899" (62 and 63 Vict., c.21) which states that in all rooms of a shop where female assistants are employed the employer shall provide seats, and such seats shall be in proportion of not less than one seat to every three female assistants employed in each room. Penalty for non-compliance, first offence £3, second and subsequent offences £5.—*F. J. Evenden, Birmingham.*

The Dancing Couple.

"T. U. R." and "T. L." are wrong. Young married couples should dance—*together!* Married three years ago we have, till recently, been unhappy though we have a dear wee chap, eighteen months' old. My wife, snatched from her youthful pleasures to the drudgery of house-keeping, tried bravely but I could see she was unhappy. Then I decided to take her to a dancing hall once a week, leaving the boy with a friend. That hour or two each week has worked wonders. Happier now? Of course we are.—"*Jock.*"

Slogans and Slow Guns.

A. G. Gardiner, with his slogans of "Fair Play for Labour," "Peace in Europe" and "Trade with Russia," sounds a keynote that will be appreciated. Labour, if constitutionally requested to take over the reins of Government, must be given a chance to solve the Housing and Unemployment muddles at home, and make every endeavour towards honourable peace abroad. To trade with Russia, when one considers the articles they require and our army of unemployed ready and willing to produce them, is only elementary common-sense.—*H. G.*

The Motor Tax.

The remarks of "Motomac" were very fair regarding the tax paid by the private motor-car owner. Roads cost £70,000,000 a year, tax from heavy commercial vehicles about £4,000,000, the private motor-car owner pays up to about £14,000,000—the ratepayer the terrific balance. The damagers of the road must be made to put their vehicles in order. You can hear old vehicles for miles smashing the roads to pieces. Is this going to be further tolerated by the private motorist? He pays sufficient tax to be allowed good roads. The commercial lorry knocks them about, and again the private motorist pays.—*E. Paterson, London, W.C.1.*

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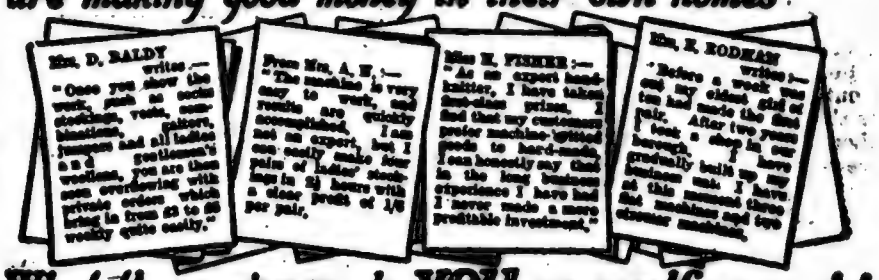
Read these extracts of letters from workers who are making good money in their own homes.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Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new, vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Hellier when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 B.L.), London, W.1.

VENEREAL DISEASES.

WHAT TO DO IF ONE HAS "TAKEN A RISK."

Venereal Diseases are due to germs. Those who have "taken a risk" should immediately wash away the germs with soap while still on the surface. If this is done *within a few minutes* the risk is diminished.

Immediate self-cleansing, though useful, is *not an absolute safeguard* and is practically useless for women. The only real safety lies in chastity. If a risk has been taken, disease may result in spite of cleansing. The best chance of cure, then, is to get a doctor to watch for the earliest signs of disease and start treatment as soon as they appear.

Full information can be obtained free and in strict confidence from the Hon. Med. Secretary, National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 102P, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Five useful Booklets for Parents, 1/4 the set, post free.

Six useful booklets for Girls, 1/5 the set, post free.

Seven useful booklets for Young Men, 1/6 the set, post free.

1/- BRINGS YOU THIS 8-DAY JEWELLED LEVER WATCH

OFFERED TO "JOHN BULL" READERS ON OUR UNBEATABLE BARGAIN TERMS.

Every reader of "John Bull" should take this opportunity of receiving a great bargain. This Gent's handsome 8-day Jewelled Lever Watch is for the first time offered on our unheard-of terms.

FREE. Handsome Double Pocket-to-Pocket ALBERT, FREE with every Watch.

READ OUR ENTIRE DESCRIPTION OF THIS HANDSOME 8-DAY WATCH.—Gent's full size Keyless 8-day Lever Watch, heavy nickel-silver finished case. Jewelled interchangeable lever movement with visible escapement of highest workmanship (3 prize medals). All latest improvements, including safety catch to prevent overwinding. Each watch carefully adjusted to keep accurate time. Only wants winding once a week. A first-class, serviceable watch. Fully guaranteed 10 years.

OUR UNEQUALLED TERMS.—So sure are we that you will be more than satisfied, that we send this handsome watch post paid upon receipt of 1/- only. After receiving watch, if satisfied, you send 2/- more and the balance by instalments of 4/- a month until only 39/- is paid. Price, full cash with order (or within 7 days of receipt.) 37/6 only. Cash returned willingly if not absolutely satisfied and watch is returned within 7 days. Send P.O. or stamps now to:—SIMPSON'S (BRIGHTON), LTD. (DEPT. 316), 94, QUEEN'S ROAD, BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.

Motoring for the Million

by MOTOMAC.

IN previous discussions on Economic Motoring we have been confined mainly to the small car, not only because it is cheap to buy, but because it is cheap to run. The family man with three or four children has been left out, but then he has been forgotten by the majority of British designers.

The light car about £200 is at the best only comfortable for four. With the high efficiency of the modern engine there is no reason why a more roomy car should not be built, and father get the consideration he deserves. Meantime what can he do if he desires to take the family picnicking in the woods when summer comes again?

His first alternative is to buy a foreign car. For the moment we will leave the Ford out. I look upon it as a utility rather than a pleasure car. Its nearest neighbour in price is the Durant. It is a more normal production. Solid, well upholstered, roomy, respectable, the sort of car that the family can use and enjoy.

At £185 for a five-seater, tax £16, the yearly charges are not so very much more than for a ten horse, and you can carry four children and two grown-ups in comfort. Estimating costs per head, it works out all right.

Another good selection for family purposes is the Chevrolet. Light in weight, with a very flexible overhead valve engine, it is probably one of the easiest cars to handle you can find. Short wheel-base, and wide lock, you can take it almost anywhere. If timid with the gear lever, be reassured, for once under way there will be little need to change.

It is economical on petrol and on tyres. It costs £190, but the extra power, with our obsolete tax system, means a £22 tax, and a slightly higher insurance.

American or Canadian cars want a little more looking after if they have to retain a smart appearance. To the man who spends his time in the family circle, and especially where he can get a little help from some of the older members, this need be no drawback.

Failing new cars, there is a remarkable choice of second-hand cars round about £200. One friend parting with a Wolseley 1919, which has only done about 10,000 miles, and, therefore, from a mechanical point of view, as good as ever, has been offered £200 in part exchange. The dealers say they get lots like this.

A good Austin twenty of the same period was sold under this figure. In this case, too, the car had been carefully handled and would do the work of the family coach for many years to come.

A Hudson super six in tip-top condition changed hands at £165.

Buicks 1920, six cylinders, are plentiful round about this price, and in good condition. The beginner has two advantages in buying second-hand. He learns the art of driving without damage to an expensive machine. Depreciation has been met by the previous owner, and where capital outlay is in question, this is a most important point. The harassed heads of families can start in right away, and benefit from the experience of others. They deserve some advantage.

Let others have all the depreciation while they have all the joy of catering for the healthy needs of the rising generation.

***

For further particulars about cars and accessories send coupon on page 5.

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at Home in Leisure Hours.

Carpentry work comes natural to everyone. Even if you never handled a saw before, with the help and guidance of "THE PRACTICAL WOODWORKER" you will be able at the first attempt to turn out sound, well-finished work, and after a little practice you will find yourself able to make articles of furniture that would be a credit to any craftsman. If you have had experience in doing small carpentry jobs and know how to use simple tools this book will soon make you an expert. It will teach you the fine art of cabinet-making, the secrets of joinery and upholstering, and enable you to produce work that will stand any test or comparison.

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Carpentry, Cabinet-making, etc.

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Design for Oak Bedstead, page 1177, "Practical Woodworker."

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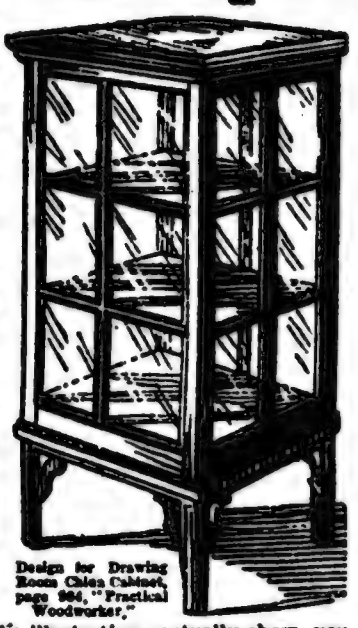

Design for Drawing Room China Cabinet, page 984, "Practical Woodworker."

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Design for Chair with adjustable seat and back, page 876, "Practical Woodworker."

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John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. Any flippant replies on this page are made in good part. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through a letter to JOHN BULL. Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals free of charge with Legal, Financial, Pensions and in fact all kinds of inquiries by post if a stamped addressed envelope for the reply is enclosed. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

B. F. (Stockwell).—"I do not believe in spirits." Pussyfoot!

W. K. (Bilston).—"Only in America are there hopes." But no hops!

S. S. (Cardiff).—"As somebody has said 'two heads are better than one.'" Probably it was a hairdresser said it.

E. H. N. (Acton Green).—"Can you let me know of a laundry with reasonable prices?" A-frayed not!

H. L. (Blackpool).—"So that there cannot possibly be any misunderstanding, I am giving you chapter and verse." The inordinate length of your letter suggests that you're giving us the whole book.

B. L. V. (Sudbury).—"What is there to keep the young man of to-day, granted he possesses energy and initiative, from helping himself?" There's the cash register, for one thing.

C. Y. (Crewe).—"There is a policeman living next door to me." Then you should have at least a nodding acquaintance with the law.

CONSTANT READER (Alexandria).—"Five years ago the public couldn't do enough for 'Tommy,' why not now?" For one reason, many of the present-day public are ex-Tommies with hardly enough for themselves. You have a job, anyhow.

O. F. (Folkestone).—"I have come to the conclusion that girls aren't so pretty as they used to be." Possibly that's because you aren't so young as you were.

Mrs. S. (Llangollen).—"I have two grown-up daughters and a son at home, but their company is not like that of my husband." Which may be a compliment to hubby—or otherwise.

P. C. P. (Johannesburg).—"I always find the real truth in JOHN BULL." And that's just precisely where we always put it.

M. T (Belfast).—"A. G. G.'s facts put a new complexion on the matter." Which sounds, to us, like a cheerful change of face.

W. G. D. (Tottenham).—"I think it is wonderful how the majority of the unemployed have stuck it." Probably because they are that stamp.

J. W. S. (Thornton Heath).—"The accommodation provided for passengers inside our modern improved 'buses is a disgrace." And very frequently we find it a *standing* disgrace.

E. W. (Portadown).—"Verily, post-war Government has something to answer for." Just as it has very little to show.

F. C. (Gomshall).—"Many people are writing about colitions." As you can't spell it you'd better call it fusions, and be up-to-date.

DECIDER (Liverpool).—"The best referees are not those who run the most." Nor the worst those that are most run after.

Mrs. B. (Willesden Green).—"What would you say to me, a mother of eight, attending three dances a week with my four daughters?" Very possibly we should say, "May we have the pleasure?"

D. J. (Manchester).—"Christmas has given my bank account a nasty draught." And ours, a nasty over-draft.

W. F. (Stafford).—"A man's character is written on his face." But the trouble is to read it correctly.

W. E. (Stoke-on-Trent).—"It is one thing advocating better education for the working classes but quite another thing to get them to take advantage of it." Still it's only right that they should get the chance if they're worthy of it.

A. M. C. (Piccadilly).—"I may mention that I am a tradesman myself, although I do not deal in food, so I think I know where the shoe pinches." Which rather suggests to us that you are a bootmaker.

W. V. T. (Glamorgan).—"What do you see at a fire sale?" Hose, mostly.

R. E. (Preston).—"What happens when a young fellow and a girl strike up an acquaintance?" A match, frequently.

NESTOR (Forres).—"Were the bacteria found in London's milk the harmless variety or otherwise? The latter I fancy." Whereas we fancy neither—we hate the beastly things.

P. N. (Newcastle).—"A good many people had more presents during Christmas than they could do with." We certainly were not hampered that way.

F. G. O. (Palmers Green).—"There are a number of members of Parliament who will remain as quiet as mice." Probably it will be those who got in by a narrow squeak.

G. S. M. (Byker).—"I think a good many wives are afraid to go through their husbands' pockets." Maybe, but they could soon get their hands in.

D. L. B. (Moseley).—"Don't forget, one man's meat is another man's poison." You evidently want to pick a bone with us.

W. N. T. (Barry).—"I think that publicans would do better if they sold hot drinks during the winter." Perhaps you cannot stand the bitter cold.

J. S. (Wendover).—"Very soon we are having the house fitted with electric light." So glad to hear of your bright prospects.

J. L. O. (Aberdare).—"To my mind there is nothing better than a hard row on the river." Unless it is a soft one on toast.

H. K. (Petty Curry).—"Gentlemen's waistcoats are to be cut lower next spring." We hope the price will also follow the fashion.

T. R. T. (Dover).—"Of course you remember the story of the man who didn't get home until daylight." Sorry! It hasn't dawned on us yet.

W. S. (North Shields).—"Surely JOHN BULL is a free paper?" In opinions, yes—in price, twopence.

L. P. (Glasgow).—"The modern house falls far short of the good old pre-war house." To be exact, it falls about 2,000,000 short.

J. G. (Selkirk).—"The wild and woolley West is a back number." Gone west, so to speak.

B. B. (Ham).—"Why are public conveniences free to men and not to women?" Alas! The woman always pays!

C. A. (Ealing).—"You are, of course, absolutely right." We are, and you may take it form us we're never left.

W. G. (Glam.).—"I think Whitehall ought to admit defeat." If you were up to date you'd know Whitehall never did anything.

F. H. (Clayton).—"I don't believe doctors know much about hearts, livers, kidneys and such." Sounds like an organ recital!

A. M. (Aston).—"My opinions are those of the man in the street." But judging from your letter you're in the wrong street.

G. H. (Notts).—"Only the middleman knows the quick road to Richville." We fancy we're putting a few obstacles in his path.

I. R. (Bow).—"We should do well to take a leaf from Italy." Not if it comes from the castor-oil plant.

M. C. (Acomb).—"We shall only have human happiness when human nature is changed." In that case we can look forward to a miserable old age.

V. W. (Portslade).—"The majority of people who do not vote take no interest in politics." Which, of course, is why they do not vote.

P. K. (Kidwelly).—"I suggest that the law be amended." Now you just watch us kick up a fuss.

A. D. (Bath).—"The poor bottom dog is voiceless." Mostly he's got a yelp in him if he's in earnest.

W. L. (Leeds).—"A drop of whisky certainly warms one up if taken at the right time" But so many people think the right time is all the time.

S. U. (Barking).—"There is certainly an awful lot to read in your paper." And an awful lot that's worth reading.

J. R. (Redland Green).—"How some d—— asses manage to get their silly ideas into print passes my understanding." Now you know of at least *one* occasion when they didn't.

B. R. J. (Birmingham).—"I hope you will not consider my request unusual." Madame! it is no more unusual than many of the requests we have.

L. S. (Tooting).—"I have tried hard to read good poetry but I really cannot understand it and so I get the needle." Because you can't get the thread of it.

J. P. (Queen's Park).—"They don't give you a knighthood for being a mug." Possibly because most mugs have a handle already.

H. N. (Newton).—"After keeping company for five years he now tells me that he cannot afford to marry. Still he is not the only pebble on the beach." Nor the only one on the rocks.

W. J. (Brede).—"There is no money to be made keeping bees." It's certainly not all honey.

W. D. K. (Aston).—"This country will get on its feet this year." Then may it have a walk over.

L. P. (Glastonbury).—"As to the times, everything is advancing splendidly." Barring wages.

C. D. (Lincoln).—"My wife is an excellent cook, luckily for me, and so I like to get outside a good square meal." Our wife *isn't*, unluckily for us, and so we have to get a good square meal outside.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Straight from the Shoulder

LORD HUNSDON:—"Inaction on the part of either the Conservatives or the Liberals which resulted in placing Socialists in office would be an outrage."

The only outrage is that people of alleged responsibility like yourself, should deliberately set themselves to undermine the constitution of their country.

LORD INCHCAPE:—"There is an idea that shipowners have made money out of the war. No greater fallacy ever took possession of the human mind."

During the first 26 months of the war alone, British shipping profits were 262 million pounds, and the value of British tonnage increased from 175 to 500 million pounds.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL:—"All over the world the masses show themselves increasingly careless of their Parliamentary rights."

We need not go further than our own country to see politicians increasingly careless of, not to say indifferent to, their constituents parliamentary rights.

GLASGOW FORWARD:—"Scrymgeour is a purveyor of an unsavoury mess of piety politics and personalities, and he has been a wart upon the body of public life in Dundee for over 20 years."

First-class gutterstuff, and a disgraceful attack on a man whom you helped to send to Westminster. No wonder people call you a "rag."

N. P. (Birmingham).—"I'm swearing off poetry." Excellent! That'll save us swearing *at* it.

F. K. (Kettering).—"There are scores of honest people who are in straightened circumstances." May they always remain upright.

J. S. (Burfoot).—"Has it occurred to you that there are a number of people who write letters without anything intelligent to say?" Well now—has it occurred to you?

W. V. (Tipton).—"Do people really exist who express their feelings with music?" Oh, yes, by the score.

T. M. G. (Teddington).—"May I join in your optimistic outlook for the New Year? It's a real joy song." We are charmed by your accompaniment.

VERA (Crouch End).—"Her success lasted only a very short time." Nothing succeeds like success.

A. A. J. (Bletchley).—"People seem to forget their manners nowadays." That is reassuring. We thought they hadn't any at all.

FORTY. (Launceston.)—"Girls seem to think of nothing but dress and films." Oh, not very much dress!

Mrs. H. (Kilburn).—"Many young wives complain that their husbands have too many irons in the fire." The husbands' case is that they are found so frequently in the hair.

W. F. (New Southgate).—"Money often makes people short-sighted." We are thinking of giving away spectacles with our big new *Bullets* prizes.

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for this great
prize offered
in

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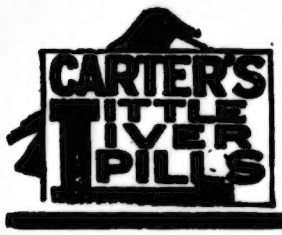
What to Take for Disordered Stomach



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THE TWELFTH NIGHT TEST

New Year Resolutions that Need Repair

WHEN these lines are read the Twelfth Night of this New Year will have come, and in that short space of time many good resolutions will have been made and abandoned. It is notorious that they rarely last more than a week.

What is the reason for this sorry wreckage of good resolutions so soon after they are launched?

If your New Year resolutions have failed to stand the Twelfth Night test, it is more than likely because they were merely promises made to yourself, the fulfilment of which would affect no one but yourself. Such promises are, indeed, like pie-crust—lightly made and easily broken.

A man who vows to himself that he will abstain from that extra glass which he believes is bad for his liver, or cut down his consumption of cigarettes which he is convinced is detrimental to his nerves and digestion, does no harm to anyone but himself when he breaks his vow.

We knew a man who on New Year's Eve resolved to set aside a pound a week for the purpose of purchasing a motor-bicycle. On Twelfth Night he found his hands cold and spent the pound on a pair of fur-lined gloves, excusing himself on the ground that they were a motoring accessory. It became a jest among his friends to whom he had announced his intention, for he never bought the rest of the outfit.

Nobody was any the worse off for the failure of his resolution. If, however, he had resolved to set aside a sum of money for the benefit of someone else, the jest would have taken on a different complexion. It is not a laughing matter when broken resolutions involve disappointment to others.

If Twelfth Night finds your New Year resolutions smashed to smithereens, they may not be beyond repair if you remember to refashion them so that others will be dependent for happiness upon their performance.

During the year thousands of families will look to our "Greatest of These—" Fund for relief from dire distress. If your resolution takes the form of a promise that you will set aside out of your "spending money" a little sum, however small, each week, for these suffering ones, we have no fear of its being lightly broken.

As Robert W. Service, the Canadian Kipling, has said, "A promise made is a debt unpaid." Make this promise, and we know we can trust to your honour to pay the debt.

Every penny you send us will be expended in actual relief. JOHN BULL bears gladly all the cost of administration.

"The Greatest of These—"

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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(*Continued from page 31*)

53, George Lane, Lewisham, S.E.; J. Goold, Shore Rd., Kirn, N.B.; P. Greenwood, 27, Roby Mill, Upholland, Lancs.; A. Grossert, Combination Poorhouse, Inneresk, Midlothian; F. Harlow, 7, Garfield Mount, Aldred St., Rotherham; W. Harrison, 16, Tiber St., Princes Park, Liverpool; R. Hartry, 201, High St., Street, Som.; C. Hawkes, 75, Wheeler St., Maidstone; F. C. Heywood, 24, High St., Ironbridge, Salop; Mrs. B. Hill, 13, Hamilton Rd., Firth Park, Sheffield; C. W. Hocking, 16, Sling Camp Cotts., Bulford Camp; E. Hunt, 5, Bedford Row, Worthing; B. T. Irving, 10, Claude Rd., Peckham, S.E.; J. D. Jones, Retreat, Pisgah Rd., Talywain, Mon.; Miss G. Jowett, 30, Castle Gate, Newark; Rev. S. R. Kersley, Congham Rectory, King's Lynn; P. J. Knight, 1, Sidney Cott., Howsell Rd., Malvern Link, Worcs.; J. K. Mackie, C. S. P. Coy, Gourock; J. McLeod, 21, Greenhead Drive, Linthouse, Glasgow; J. Marsh, 5, Knutsford Rd., Warrington; F. Miller, 11, Richmond Rd., Leytonstone, E.; W. Murray, 45, W. Bowling Green St. Leith, N.B.; A. Northfield, 81, North Road Av. Brentwood; D. Oliver, Ville Amphrey, St. Martins Guernsey; Miss M. A. Palmer, 33, Oxford St., Norwich; F. Parker, Old Town House, Chard; E. G. Parker, 9, Gloucester St., Stroud, Glos.; H. Pears, "Berneville," Ramsey, Isle of Man; L. F. Peverett, 75, Alexandra Rd., Croydon; A. G. Phillips, 12, Landressy St., Bridgeton, Glasgow; C. Pinfold, Sanderstead, Wood, Surrey; A. Pramo, 61, Elspeth Rd., London, S.W.; Mrs. A. F. Price, Cloverly Rd., Ogmar; Mrs. C. Purser, 15, Richmond Rd., Grays; W. G. Reed, College Hill Chambers, Cannon St., E.C.; W. Richards, 16, Portland St., Ilfracombe; Mrs. W. Ritchie, Goldon Pl., Church St., Broughty Ferry; R. Roberts, High St., Swinefleet, Goole, Yorks.; Mrs. E. Roe, 169, Randolph Rd., Derby; R. H. Rose, 29, Lindley Av., Southsea; W. D. Salmon, 19, Ealing Park Gdns., Ealing, W.; R. R. Saunders, Sussex House, Starlegrove, Taunton; Miss M. Searby, 2, Marine Terr., Whitehaven; Miss E. Shaw, 44, Sedan St., Sheffield; J. Slade, Aldingbourne, Chichester; R. Smith, 40, Dover Rd., Portsmouth; C. A. Snelling, 3, Finsbury Rd., Wood Green, N.; B. Stoodley, High St., Alton; Mrs. R. Streeter, 4, Cross St., Angel Rd., Edmonton; Miss D. Sutherland, Hawthornbank, East Fortune, Dreen, N.B.; Mrs. E. Swainston, 33, Fenton St., Bocobeck, Yorks.; F. A. Swales, 64, Queen's Rd., Reading; J. Taylor, 51, Eccleston Rd., West Ealing; W. Tucker, 48, Nelson Rd., Gorleston-on-Sea; Mrs. G. Turner, 50, Margaret St., Ashton-under-Lyne; F. P. Walton, 138a, High St., Putney, S.W.; T. Watkins, Culvert St., Newent, Gloucester; Miss A. West, 11, Kilvary Rd., Worcester; T. H. Whaite, 7, Nelson St., Kirkham, Lancs.; Mrs. C. White, 21, Hillcrest Av., Leeds; S. L. Wilding, 3, Guildford Cres., Wigan; W. Wilkins, Bungalow, Oxford St., Ryston, Nr. Leicester; C. Wilkinson, 16, Hawthorn Rd., Ashington, North'ld.; H. Williams, 82, Grasville Rd., Birkenhead; B. E. Wyatt, 10, Old Heath, Colchester; J. Yorston, 2, Harcourt Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow.

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FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. W. F. [illegible],
18, [illegible] Road, Fulham, W.6.

Example: Where Fun All.
Bullet: Fireworks Lure Fun Police.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

MR. A. [illegible], [illegible] Street, [illegible]

Example:—Where We Stand.
Bullet:—Owen Arthur's Amateur Conjuror.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

MR. J. W. [illegible], [illegible] Avenue, Leeds.

Example:—Wary's Warning.
Bullet:—Labour's Total Eclipse Criticism.

10 Prizes of £3 each:

A. SEALE, [illegible] Meadow Road, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells:
SHORT-SIGHTED—GARDEN EDITOR: LADY'S STOCKING.

S. J. [illegible], c/o Brunt, 287, Newcastle Street, [illegible], Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent:
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R. [illegible], 2, King Street, Gloucester, Glos.:
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C. C. [illegible], 22, Hobart Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth:
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HAROLD [illegible], Fore Street, Bude, Cornwall:
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